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THE GOOD OLD HYMNS.

There's lots o' music in 'em, the hymns of long ago;
An' when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know
I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by—
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wistful eye."

There's lots of music in 'em—those deaf, sweet hymns of old,
With visions bright of lands of light and shining streets of gold;
And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where memory dreaming stands,
"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

We hardly needed singin' books in them old days; we knew
The words, the tunes, of every one the dear old hymn book through!
We had no blaring trumpets then, no organs built for show;
We only sang to praise the Lord "from whom all blessings flow."

An' so I love the dear old hymns, and when my time shall come—
Before the light has left me and my singing lips are dumb—
If I can only hear 'em then I'll pass, without a sigh,
"To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

SHADOWING MARK TWAIN

Probably no man was ever more mercilessly shadowed than Mark Twain, when he went to England last summer to take his degree from the University of Oxford. He was seen to cross a street or alley or something in his bathrobe and all American citizens knew about it the next morning in their newspapers. He was dined and entertained to the point of extinction—and every dinner had to be reported, with special accounts of the worn-out jokes the old gentleman cracked in his dauntless determination not to go down into a humorist's grave unfunny. He was supposed to have put his hand on the king's shoulder and had to explain how or why he did or didn't do it. He had a private secretary who became practically a bulwark to protect him from the insatiable onslaught of the press.

The one thing Mark Twain quite properly refused to do was to give a generally humorous interview of his English experiences. He certainly could not have been expected to turn the most impressive receptions of his life into "josh stuff" for the American Sunday supplements.

One powerful New York paper made a great stand play for such a story.

"When I reported to the office at about eleven o'clock that night," says the man who had the story in hand, "I was told by my senior that he had a cable from New York signed by the chief and reading, 'Have cabled Mark Twain give you special Sunday story general impressions.' That was the day that Twain took the Oxford degree and he was not expected back in London for the next two or three days. The interview had to be cabled within twelve hours and therefore it was obviously a case of going to Oxford.

"I went downtown to the office, and my senior told me that he had called the cable company up about that cablegram to find out what sort of communication had been sent to Twain. The cable people said they had received no message for Twain but had received one for his 'nephew,' requesting him to urge 'Uncle Mark' to give the interview in question. This supposed 'nephew' was one of the two or three most prominent financiers in the United States! Obviously the editor in New York thought that he had enlisted the assistance of an irresistible power.

"After telephoning to pretty nearly all the colleges in Oxford, I finally managed to find where Twain was lodged—at a private house. I told him about the cablegram, which he had not received up to that time, but I think he consented to see me merely because of my persistence. He was a tired and pathetic old man, deeply impressed by the experiences of the day before, and said in so many words that he did not want to be interviewed. What material he gave me was solemn appreciation of the honors conferred on him. I returned to London and was ordered—against my instincts and conviction—to write a funny story, calling the author 'Dr. Twain' and twitting him on having become serious as a result of his Oxford dignity."—Whitman Bennett, in The Bohemian.

WALL STREET IN 1775

When the News of Lexington Came April 23.

Israel Bessel came spurring into the Bowery road from Boston, April 23, 1775, breaking the quiet of a Sabbath morning by roaring startling news at every passing group of citizens; and as the congregations of Trinity and the Presbyterian church issued from their noonday services he burst upon them with tidings that the battle of Lexington had been fought and four days before. In an instant he was surrounded by an anxious throng eagerly clamoring for details, and Wall street was soon in a state of wild commotion, loyalists and patriots scattering to protect their families and property, each man suspecting and fearing the other, and all almost equally dismayed by the news. The patriots were the first to recover from the shock, however, and, headed by Isaac Sears and some of the boldest Sons of Liberty, a band of citizens hastily assembled, and taking possession of the city hall seized 500 stands of arms deposited there for the troops, demanded and received the keys of the custom house, closed the building and virtually deposed the royal government.

From that moment all business was suspended in the city, and between April 24 and May 1, 1775, confusion reigned supreme. Then the ablest men in the community assumed control, and calling a mass meeting at the Merchants' Coffee House, which had practically become the seat of government, organized a provisional committee of one hundred to administer the public business. By the orders of this committee the city was virtually placed under martial law, the shops and factories were closed, the streets were patrolled by improvised bands of militia, all available arms and ammunition were seized, crude preparations were made for resisting an attack, and many timorous loyalists closed their houses and sought safety in their country seats. Meanwhile, some of the king's troops had been allowed to enter the city, the loyalist members of the committee feeling that their presence would insur order; but when they made an attempt to appropriate the spare arms deposited in their barracks, Marinus Willett forced an armed guard to surrender this booty, and the carts containing the weapons were triumphantly escorted by a great throng of citizens up Broadway, past the head of Wall street, to Abraham Van Dyke's ball alley at John street, where they were placed under lock and key.—Frederick Trevor Hill, in Harper's Magazine.

WHAT MME. CURIE MAKES

Mme. Curie works all the time in her laboratory making radium, which is now worth $10,000,000 a pound, but as no more than a pin head of it has ever been made at a time, it does not amount to a great deal as a commercial product. As a laboratory accessory, however, it is invaluable. Whole carloads of material are used to get a tiny lump, and fortunately some of the expenses is offset by the sale of rare metals found in the by-product.

CLEVERNESS BEST WEAPON

Women who have won in the work of the world have generally been mistresses of diplomacy, says a writer. Beginning with the Jewish women, Rebecca, Esther and others, they have come into that they wished through the exercise of the greatest diplomacy. Catherine de Medici and Catherine of Sienna are later examples. Though the ends they sought were diametrically opposed they arrived at them through the same diplomatic channels.

SUPERSTITION IS WIDESPREAD

Does superstition prevail among a majority of educated people? The question came up for discussion in a group of college men in Providence not long ago and several of them admitted that while not believing in any of the common superstitions they were more or less influenced by the "feeling" that attaches to the notion of bad for the following certain signs or events. Said one, quoted in the Providence Journal:

"Personally I don't believe that education has anything to do with superstition. I know a college professor widely known as an author as well as an educator who absolutely refuses to sit thirteen at the table. I know it because of an experience I had while I was a student under him. I was invited to dinner at his house one night, together with a number of other fellows. The invitation was very informal and I forgot it absolutely. It was a bad break, of course, and one that's it hard to apologize for, but the ordinary scorn that you'd expect to meet for such a social lapse wasn't a marker to the reception I met with when I tried to explain afterward.

"And the reason for this was simply because my absence left thirteen to sit down. But this the professor absolutely refused to do. The entire party waited nearly an hour for me and then in despair sent out for a neighbor. The latter had already dined, but, obligingly came in and sat all through the dinner simply to enable the rest to eat at all."

That such an instance is not unusual but rather what may naturally be expected in spite of the education and culture that is supposed to combat superstition is the inference to be drawn from a study of the subject by Professor Fletcher Bascom Dresslar, of the University of California, whose book on "Superstition and Education" is based on inquiries over a period of ten years among the normal school pupils of California.

Some startling figures are given as a result of this research, the conclusion being that education is by no means a sure cure for superstition. As expressing the attitude of many educated people Professor Dresslar quotes the remark of a French writer: "I do not believe in ghosts, but I am afraid of them."

Professor Dresslar made inquiries of 875 pupils, mostly young women, the majority of whom stated frankly their belief or disbelief in one or more particular superstitions. The total number of separate "confessions" made by the 875 was 7,176. Of these 8,051 were expressions of disbelief, 2,182 of partial belief and 1,093 of full belief. This, combining the last two groups, gives 44.9 per cent of the number who admitted being influenced to some extent by superstitions and 55.1 per cent who were not, figures that are somewhat surprising when it is remembered that all those examined were normal school pupils preparing themselves to become teachers.

A list was prepared including what are called the "most common superstitions" and the following table shows the number of pupils expressing full belief, partial belief and disbelief in each:

If you drop the dishrag you will have company	77	39	22
Thirteen is an unlucky number	75	49	13
If you break a looking glass you will have bad luck	48	49	16
Evil will come to you if you start on a journey Friday	52	24	21
If you give to a friend as a present a knife or any edged instrument it will cut your friendship	34	33	32
To open an umbrella in the house brings bad luck	61	21	6
If you see the new moon aver your right shoulder it is good luck	43	33	6
Never begin a piece of work on Friday, for you will have bad luck if you do	44	20	15
If a rooster crows before the front door you will have company	46	27	6
See a pin and pick it up, All the day you'll have good luck. See a pin and let it lay, You'll have bad luck all the day	42	24	11
If thirteen sit together at table one of the number will die before the year ends	35	25	16
If a task be begun on a Friday it will never be successfully done	26	20	26
To find a pin with the point toward you is good luck	22	30	7
If two friends walk on the opposite side of the post they will quarrel	25	24	18
If you find a horseshoe you will have good luck	35	24	7
If you see the new moon over your left shoulder for the first time you will have bad luck	29	24	7
To dream of a death means a wedding	21	15	8
If your nose itches you will have a visitor	21	16	6
To find a four-leaved clover will bring good luck	23	21	7

Of course, there is no reasonable explanation of an individual superstition, but Professor Dressler gives two general causes which lead to superstitious beliefs. The force of emotional bias is a large factor in bringing about the acceptance of conclusions, especially those recommended by tradition, and it is a hygienic necessity for the mind to come to rest in conclusions.

The question of luck is also discussed at length by Professor Dressiar, and its influence, or rather the influence of a belief in luck, is explained. Faith, he says, begets a mental activity not present when the mind is in doubt, while those who believe themselves unlucky thereby forfeit a valuable part of their possible success through the influence of the mental attitude.

WHAT A PREMIER IS.

Everybody knows that the head of a ministry is called prime minister or premier, but few people quite realize what that means. The cabinet, of course, has the premier for its head; the cabinet grew naturally out of the needs of our national polity; "yet," said Macaulay, "it still continues to be altogether unknown to the law." Now, of course, there is no statute law about the names of members who constitute the cabinet; those members are chosen from the leaders of the majority in the house of commons; the cabinet, in fact, is practically a chosen body within an elected body. Yet it remains, technically, unknown to the constitution. Quite apart from his position as the head of the government, the premier has extraordinary influence. It is upon his recommendation that the dignitaries of the church are appointed, he has the right of nomination to over a hundred crown livings—of course, as vacancies occur; and of these he, nominally at least, who confers temporal and honorary distinctions—peerages, baronetcies, even the Garter itself. Yet until quite recently the premier enjoyed no legal precedence over his fellows, his official position not being recognized by statute. It was only by royal warrant dated December 2, 1905, that his precedence was definitely established, and he was given "place and precedence next after the Archbishop of York." Only the princes of the blood royal, the lord high chancellor, and the two archbishops, therefore, rank above him.—From T. P.'s Weekly.

CONCRETE ROOFING TILES

Roofing tiles made of concrete were introduced some time ago, and while it was evident that their use was to be attended with beneficial results in some directions, their progress into favor was slow, for the reason that there had not been ample opportunity for the demonstration of their merits. It has been shown, however, that they are very durable and especially suited for factories and other buildings where the roof is subjected to deterioration from the action of steam, smoke and acid fumes, and at present they are in great demand for such purposes. This style of roofing is being made use of to a great extent on the larger structures of the United States Steel company, at Gary, Ind., where an order was given for 29,000 squares.

JAPAN'S NAVAL STRENGTH

Present strength of the Japanese navy as compared with its strength at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war is given in a recent issue of the Asahi Shimbun. According to this statement, Japan possessed at the outbreak of the war six battleships, displacement 84,052 tons; eight armored cruisers of 73,982 tons; forty-four other cruisers of 111,470 tons; nineteen destroyers of 6,519 tons; eighty torpedo boats of 7,119 tons. During the war Japan lost two battleships, eight unprotected cruisers, two destroyers, seven torpedo boats.

Japan built during or since the war four battleships, four armored cruisers, five other cruisers, thirty-three destroyers, five torpedo boats. She captured during the war five battleships, eleven unprotected cruisers, five destroyers. Her present force is thirteen battleships, 191,381 tons' displacement; twelve armored cruisers of 130,683 tons, forty-seven other cruisers of 165,253 tons, forty-five destroyers of 20,508 tons, seventy-seven torpedo boats of 7,258 tons.

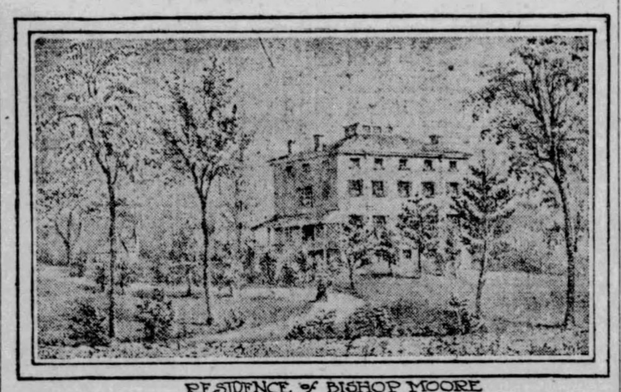
Japan's present total is 204 vessels, with aggregate displacement of 515,082 tons, as against her antebellum strength of 157 vessels of 283,742 tons.

ADMIRES AMERICAN CLUBS

An Englishwoman coming to this country said she had meant to examine the women's colleges, but she found the women's clubs so absorbing that she spent her time studying them.

She was astonished, she said, to find so little literature on the subject, and, while she knew many English clubs, they are not of the same kind at all. The state and city federations she thinks are a great means of education and culture for the American woman. Especially do the clubs give opportunity for women of middle age to keep in touch with questions of vital importance.

SEEING OLD-TIME NEW YORK



RESIDENCE of BISHOP MOORE

In pre-revolutionary days Captain Clarke, an English soldier, and a veteran of the French and Indian war, built a big colonial mansion on the west side of the city near the Hudson, at Twenty-third street. Intending to spend his last days there, he called the place Chelsea, after the soldiers' retreat of that name on the Thames, near London. The houses that soon began to cluster about the neighborhood presently became known as Chelsea village.

The big house was burned down, and so was the neighboring dwelling. The widow Clarke rebuilt the mansion and lived there with her daughters. During the war of the revolution some of the American soldiers were quartered here, and Washington himself spent some hours under its roof.

When Dr. Benjamin Moore married Charity Clarke the house became known by his name. His was a spirit of unusual gentleness, simplicity and courage, and he was one of the most popular men of his time.

When the Tory president of King's College, Dr Cooper, fled from his lodgings in the college, pursued by a mob, and took refuge on H. M. S. Kingfisher, which took him to England, Dr. Moore was made president pro tem. When the college was seized by the British and used for a hospital during the revolution Dr. Moore continued to teach in a private house, and a nominal faculty of the college continued.

Later Dr. Moore became the rector of Trinity, and from 1801 until 1811 was president of the college. At his death he was the Bishop of New York. His library was afterward acquired by Columbia College Library.

When the city streets were graded the old mansion stood on an eminence ten or twelve feet high. It had passed into the possession of the bishop's son, Clement C. Moore, a learned man, who was professor of Hebrew and Greek in Columbia. In 1819 he presented to the General Theological Seminary sixty lots, comprising the block now called Chelsea Square, bounded by Ninth and Tenth avenues and Twentieth and Twenty-first streets. Clement Moore was one of the first professors of the seminary, and resigned after twenty-nine years of efficient service.

People once stood in great awe of his learning. That has long since been forgotten, but Dr. Moore has secured in enduring fame through a merry bit of poetry that was once written by him, at Christmastide, for his own children. There are few young people in this country to whom his delightful poem, "A Visit from Santa Claus," is not familiar.

THE NEW MOON.

In drift of locust petals sweet
We stood and watched afar
The fair young moon come slowly forth,
Towed by a single star.

The rose rifts, parting, incense poured
Libation sweet to May;
And drifting petals snow-like piled
Through all the garden way.

The May moon in the evening sky,
The gulding star beyond,
The garden and the petal drifts
And hearts that would be fond.

The magic of the May compelled
The wish unspoken then;
The new moon, keeping faith, poured out
Its lovers' luck again.

ELECTION BUGABOO.

"There is a time-honored idea that a presidential year disturbs business. Like a number of other time-honored ideas it is more dependent upon its age than its truth," says Appleton's. "Put on blue glasses and you will see things blue. The people who are looking for trouble put on blue glasses whenever they get a chance. A presidential year gives them a chance. The danger of these people is that they try to make the rest of us look through their glasses. If we refuse no harm is done.

"Many years ago that brilliant Englishman, James Payn, saw how really harmless were our elections. What has happened since strengthens his view. He pointed out that our national elections every four years enable us to blow off steam and relieve pent-up feelings. That they thus prevent the revolutions and terrific strains from which Europe suffers.

"The people with the blue glasses, the calamity howlers, have always had their hands full working up election scares. This year their task is all but hopeless. Their old cry of 'An election unsettles business' is denied them. For better or for worse business has already been unsettled. The unsafe business stagings which the gamblers had built up in the name of high finance have crashed to the ground. The builders of these flimsy structures have been turned out of responsible business circles. Turned out not by the President, the attorney-general, or the police, but by their own former colleagues—the honest and conservative financial leaders of America. Business can't be unsettled because it has already been unsettled. The destroyers have had their day! The hour for the builders has come! The destroyers have done both good and harm. The builders can do all good and no harm. Nothing short of a revolution or a series of disastrous foreign wars could undermine our foundation for national prosperity. Changing administrations are as powerless to affect it as are the changing seasons.

"A man once picked a kettle off a stove and then dropped it with a cry of pain. He thought himself badly burned until he found there was no fire in the stove. In this way and in this way only can American business be disturbed by the presidential election. The people who are looking for trouble will find it. They always do. The people who have scared themselves will continue to be scared just so long as they continue to scare themselves. They are the people who are afraid to do business in a presidential year. They are the people who don't do much business in any year. But as long as we don't look at things through their glasses they won't look blue to us."

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Unromantic American Friendships Unknown in Europe.

The European man thinks he knows the American girl, but he judges her by the girls of his own country and therefore entirely misunderstands her. He cannot comprehend the healthy unromantic friendships that exist in America between boys and girls, who see each other under all sorts of informal circumstances and yet need have no thought of love or sentiment. He thinks the American girl has had long experience in the ways of men, and that she is as well versed in the manner of lovers as the experienced married flirts of Parisian and Roman society. Used to men she is; but not to the sort of men she meets for the first time abroad. She is used to the type of boy that she has known all her life." She can fathom what he thinks on pretty much any subject, and whether he is in love with her or not is a matter that she can decide without any danger of mistake. Above all, the American youth is outspoken and frank. He has no hidden or ulterior motives; he means no harm in discussing what he thinks. He likes best to show his muscle and his skill in athletics, and the intimacy between boys and girls is founded on doing things together, riding, swimming, playing tennis or coasting and skating; not on liking of ideas.

Yet—and this is very important and also very difficult to express: In the minds of American young men love and marriage are synonymous. To the European, love is love, and marriage is marriage; the two have not of necessity any connection. —Everybody's Magazine.

CEMENT ARMOR FOR SHIPS

Cement may take the place of steel plates as armor on French battleships in the near future, as exhaustive experiments have shown that a certain cement of French invention, the formula of which is kept secret, shows a remarkable resistance to shells fired from the heaviest naval guns. It is stated, however, that the weight of the cement armor on a vessel would be much less than the steel plates now in use.

The idea of using cement as armor is not new, but heretofore it has not been regarded as practicable on account of the cracking of the cement when struck by a heavy shell. It is to be inferred that the French process renders the cement elastic.

During the Russo-Japanese war in March, 1904, the Russian warship Sebastopol was accidentally rammed by the Peresviat, a leak seven metres long being made. This leak was repaired with cement. Later the Sebastopol saw most active service, being hit once by a torpedo and battered by many shells. After her last fight it was found that she had been hit by six torpedoes, but the cement used in repairing the leak first mentioned was found to be practically undamaged.

The French naval architects declare that their cement protected battleships of the future will be invulnerable.—Harper's Weekly.

THE ECCENTRIC ORATOR.

The parrot swinging on the porch
Has a vocabulary small
And unenlightened by research—
And yet 'tis pleasant, after all,
When our discussions seem to tend
To candidate and trades and tricks
To have some faithful biped friend
Who isn't talking politics.

I listen with a friendly sigh
To what he utters o'er and o'er.
Here is no cry for sordid pie;
He wants a cracker, nothing more.
How well his speeches seem to flow;
Profane, perhaps, but ne'er prolix;
The only orator I know
Who isn't talking politics!

—Washington Star.

The Count and the Congressman

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

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CHAPTER I.

A tepid night of early spring in Washington saw the Honorable Angus McPhail, member of congress from a city of the middle west which had long ceased to allure him after the close of the session in the national capital, bidding farewell to the guests convened at his house for dinner followed by "a little bridge."

It was 1 a. m. when they arose from the tables. A brief discussion of pate sandwiches, hot bouillon, and other enticements, sent them, both men and women, refreshed to the carriages and herdics lined up in the bowery street below. McPhail himself escorted to her brougham the large pink and white ambassadress who had honored him with her efflorescent presence. As he put her inside, he kissed the plump hand from whose wrist depended a bag of flexible gold set with sapphires, now comfortably filled with her evening's winnings.

"Good-night, and ever so many thanks for a delightful little party," she said, settling her superb shoulders back upon the cushions. "No one can be depended upon for such good bridge as Mr. McPhail. One thinks always play is better in a bachelor's house. We were a little afraid last winter yours would lose that prestige, but since Mrs. Wilfred Methuen went abroad, taking with her the so-lovely niece, our fears are——"

"Have no fears but that my house will always be at the disposition of Mme. l'Ambassadrice," said Angus McPhail, gallantly, stepping back, as her footman received his order to take the great lady home.

While the host was remounting the stairs to the drawing-room floor, he passed a man coming down them.

"Dropped my cigar case and went back to look for it. Good-night again, McPhail."

"Good-night. Hope you found the missing article."

"Yes, thanks, in the little 'porcelain' room at the end of the suite yonder. That—and something else. Won't delay your tete-a-tete."

He spoke significantly. McPhail looked annoyed, and a tinge of deeper red came upon his full cheeks.

"Tete-a-tete? What d'ye mean, Grisson? Everybody's gone but you."

"And one other," said Grisson, cynically smiling. "About the time I dropped my cigaret case she must have dropped her fan. She's still looking for it. Let her down gently, Mac. She's older than most women, and has seen better days."

McPhail did not answer. When the scoffer had gone out of the open portal with sleepy servants standing on either side, the master of this luxurious bachelor establishment turned with a frowning face, and hurried into the drawing-rooms.

As expected, he found, trailing her ruffled skirts over the gleaming parquet amid the furniture already enswathed in summer chintzes, of a perfect little room lined on every side with treasures of ceramic art, a lady in evening wraps. She stopped short, holding out one hand with a sort of imploring gesture as he approached her, darkling.

"Don't scold, Mac. Wait till you hear why."

"But you shouldn't, Betty. Really, you shouldn't. When I'd already bid you good-bye at the door of the cloak-room below. It's a complete giveaway. I'll swear you can't afford—"

"I can't afford anything, I know, Mac. I'm going in just one minute. It's all right, I promise you. My maid's in the cab outside. If you would come to our house, conventionally, with mother at the tea table and all that, I wouldn't be driven to such shifts trying to get a word alone with you. But you won't come, and you won't answer my notes, so what in the world else am I to do?"

"Had I not the honor of including Miss Carteret among my dinner guests tonight?" he said, stiffening.

"A stop-gap merely," she answered, impatiently. "If you know what a misery the evening had been, Mac! To have you so far away at bridge when I'm certain there isn't a woman in Washington you like so well for a partner as myself——"

"Now, mightn't you really have written that?" he protested, airily.

"Mac!"

She was no longer young, and the make-up on her handsome, well-bred face was cruelly apparent. But this cry of his name came from the bottom of a woman's heart.

"I beg your pardon, Betty. I didn't mean to hurt you. But I'm annoyed, and you know it. Come, let me put you in your cab, there's a good soul. You looked splendid, to night, and your gown is a huge success."

She melted at once. She walked with him, obediently. There was a gleam of new hope in her face.

"You'll come soon—very soon—to-morrow at five, say?"

"Not tomorrow, but soon," he answered vaguely, then raising his voice, addressed the lurking form of the butler descried behind a door curtain's crimson flow. "That you, Chapman? You will please see that a careful search is made in here for a—a pendant dropped from Miss Carteret's neck-chain. An aqua-marine stone set in pale yellow gold, you say, Miss Carteret? (Tell Miss Carteret's maid she is coming down, Chapman.) So good of you to have been with us, Miss Carteret, and I'm trusting you'll find you never wore the pendant after all. I shouldn't like your evening at my house to end with such a loss."

"What I have lost," answered Betty, with a rally of spirit, as they went together down the broad stairs, "is, I really believe, a poor thing, spurious, and of no value, not half worth the fuss I have made over it."

She had lifted her small deer-like head, and gathered her wrap together at the throat, with a touch of the aristocratic grace once marking the reigning belle of Cleveland's first (or was it Arthur's) administration. Her quite famous little feet twinkled down the red velvet carpet resolutely. McPhail saw that she was going to sink with colors at her masthead. He admired her for it, as he had always admired the indefinable insignia of race and breeding stamped upon this charming product of bygone southern prestige in Washington society. But he felt conclusively that it was as a bygone alone, that she could ever again stir the fountains of his heart.

As he shook hands with her in the cab—leaning past her poor yawning ghost of a maid to do so, the odor of the gardenias Miss Carteret generally wore came to him from her person mingled with the as familiar one of stale cigarets. He noticed that Betty's deep blue eyes seemed sunken in smoky caverns. She made a movement to tear the flowers from her breast and offer them to him, a movement he did not meet half way.

"You're wise. Already, they're getting to be mere blackened vegetables," she exclaimed, tossing the cluster through the cab window into the street. "Good-bye, and please tell him to drive fast."

Her voice sounded shrill, tuneless. McPhail stood for an instant after she had gone, then with a sigh half of relief, hurried indoors. On the upper landing, he heard Chapman delivering rebuke to a subordinate.

"A fan? Who said it was a fan? No matter if the lady did, you fool, when the boss gives an order for a pendant to be looked for in this house, a pendant it is, you bet."

"Now, I shouldn't have made that break," said McPhail, smiling to himself. When in his room, he did not at once go to bed, but busied himself first with a glance in the mirror at his large-featured, masterful and handsome face, then apparently deriving inspiration from the survey, sitting down before a desk to unlock a drawer, whence he drew out three widely differing objects. These were the photograph of a very young girl framed in white Roman vellum, embossed with gold, the frame a curio worthy of companionship with the rare trifles scattered everywhere in his house; a legal looking document, recently executed; and a foreign letter, carefully re-read, after a lengthened survey of the portrait.

"At least there is no other Richmond in the field," he ended triumphantly, "and, here I am asked by my good friend, her chaperon, 'to look them up' at Lake Como, if I come out this spring to Genoa. If—if—when I at last hold here in this prosaic law envelope, the golden key with which I propose to unlock a palace of delights, my future with adorable Margot! How dull and stale all the rest of womankind seem beside 'my penniless lass with the long pedigree,' and how long she has held out against me! How I've sued and stooped, and now have finally come down in vulgar parlance to turning the screw to win her! If she suspect—! But she won't. She is all lofty dreams and impossible ideals. My action will seem to her that of a Bayard. She will believe me. Tomorrow, I will carry my news to her mother—of the mother, I am more than sure. But the father—! Augustin Methuen is a simpleton in business—but—" Here the Honorable Angus uttered a decidedly vulgar exclamation, made a wry face, then, with an inevitable revulsion of feeling, descended from his high horse and disposed himself for bed.

By the next afternoon, however, hope had so far returned to inspire him, that he ventured a call, in the respectably forgotten street enshrining the shabby residence of Margot Methuen's father. Mr. Augustin Methuen, of a Virginian family connected with half the tombstones in the state, had been during the latter years of his threadbare existence in the employ of government as a clerk of an uninteresting department. The initial misfortune of his life had been his descent from a long line of English and Virginian Squires who had spent money freely upon their state politics and many acres, bequeathing neither fortune nor energy to the generation shattered by a mighty civil war. His second and greater mishap had been the one accountable for so many kindred failures of young manhood in the south; an early marriage with a pretty, silly girl without a cent, who had borne him too many children to do justice to them or to herself, and was now, in consequence, a shut-in hypochondriac, forever complaining of her lot. After that he had fallen into the hands of sharpers who had ruined him in affairs.

It was wonderful, so people said, how the Augustin Methuens had managed to struggle along during all these years and live, with a family of four boys and four girls to feed and clothe and educate and launch upon the world according to their station! But they had lived, the boys were now variously self-supporting, and the three older Misses Methuen were still afloat upon the current of Washington society, the lovely youngest being abroad with a solvent sister-in-law of their father's, who had taken her husband's nieces with the proviso that it was a mere temporary arrangement, binding the lady to no future action.

Late in life, Mr. Wilfred Methuen, a handsome ne'er-do-weel of a bachelor feted in Washington society, had espoused a wealthy widow from New York, who for some years after his demise appeared to ignore the existence of her husband's humble brother and his needy family. A visit to Washington in the interval of time spent mostly abroad had recently put his super-civilized lady in touch with the Augustin Methuen household. The result was the transplanting of Margot.

While Mr. McPhail waited in the big empty front parlor pending the progress of a shuffling negro girl to "go and see" if "the ladies" were at home, he became coincidentally aware of the scattering from a dim rear room of several feminine forms previously ensconced upon couches, light literature in hand, or making over old finery in the half-light under painless shutters bowed to keep out the southern heat. Later in the day, as he well knew, these young ladies would be seen sallying forth equipped in the height of fashion in cheap materials, leaving their cards in the front halls of a dozen desirable houses. From the beginning of the Washington season until the end thereof, the Misses Methuen kept up this ceaseless rite of rendering tribute in pasteboard to the social deities. In certain fashionable streets, they might generally count upon ringing every door along one side of a square, then crossing to perform the same act of civility on the other. One saw them "everywhere," the "Methuen girls," rather good to look at, facile in chatty conversation; repertories of gossip concerning all leaders and diplomats conspicuous in society, all residents or birds of passage who had made a lodgment in public observation, in their time. Appearing in the front rank at receptions, "days," and general entertainments, to what went on outside the District of Columbia save in New York and Newport, they were profoundly indifferent. Thus pursuing the eternal round of petty happenings in their town and family, nothing had occurred to bring the Methuens before the public, until Margot, the youngest girl, after a few preliminary symptoms of beauty and fascination, burst as a perfect rose of maiden loveliness upon the background of their dull home. It was not these charmers whom McPhail now desired to see, and perhaps they had tact enough to discern the fact. After a discreet interval of audible whispers, giggles and footsteps on the stairs, the negro girl came back, announcing indifferently that Mis' Methuen would be "right down." Before the appearance of the lady of the house whom the visitor understood to be so designated, he had ample leisure to rejoice at the lucky chance that had led Margot's footsteps to deflect from the narrow pathway trodden by her tiresome trinity of sisters. He had never understood the whim of nature by which the dazzling young creature, fine, fair and thoroughbred, meant for the primrose paths of life, to be surrounded by all things beautiful, should have grown up in this unlovely and dismal dwelling. Walls, carpets, furniture were faded and timeworn. A few family portraits darkling at intervals; a few shelves of ancient books, some bits of old china—a centertable displaying the supreme ornament of a bowl of dusty visiting cards—this, was the only setting of his gem, save when her family were boarding at some cheap resort in the mountains of Virginia!

Well he knew how distasteful it all was to her eager beauty-craving spirit! He had perceived that the sisters were a weariness to her, the mother a thorn in her flesh, the father alone claiming her ardent love and sympathy. And yet, in the full reality of such conditions and surroundings, and of her lack of prospect of change from them, Margot had twice refused him. He knew at the time that her heart was empty save of a thousand dreams of uncomprehended sentiment, of lofty ideals hardly to be materialized. In recognizing this fact he had accepted with sick certainty the conviction that it was not he who might ever hope to realize her romantic dreams. His face burned again, in recalling the absoluteness of her repellent gaze when he had urged his willingness to wait, no matter how long, till he might claim her as his wife.

There had remained but a single string on which he might play to win her, and this he was now prepared to touch. Ignoble as it was, he designed to work upon her through her love for the father who despised his life and practices. His tool, as heretofore, would be the poor weakling of a mother, craving through him the comforts of a solvent existence; the empty worldlings, her sisters, who aspired so ardently to the privileges of ransacking his establishment at second hand!

Hesitation fled, temptation deepened, as, at that moment Margot's beauty gleamed upon him like a new star, from a large photograph taken recently in Rome and pinned with thumb tacks upon the dingy wall paper.

The girl of this picture at home was a peerless child; here was a woman matured in beauty, equipped in some sudden fashion with what she had hitherto lacked—repose, the manner of the high world, elegance, distinction—the woman who would not only grace but crown his life, wherever they might appear together; whom his riches would fitly frame in gold.

So rapt was the Honorable Angus in his contemplation of the photograph, he did not observe the timid entry into her drawing-room of the lady of the house. Mrs. Methuen, a delicate featured woman wrapped in an invalid's shawl, her thin face mantled with a pathetically eager welcome, stood beside him holding out a hand so emaciated that he shrank from clasping it. As she sank into an arm-chair by the window, he could see what her effort had been to receive him.

"You are looking at Margot's latest photo?" she said, with an echo of old-time vivacity in her flat tones, like the waxy tinkle of an old spinet. "Taken in Rome this winter, but it only reached us yesterday. Strange how my family will persist in saying it resembles her mamma! Mr. Methuen, now, declares it might have been me at the time of our engagement.

McPhail felt an inward chill, but luckily had no time to answer her. Mrs. Methuen's talk dribbled in a steady rivulet on and ever, happily exacting small return. From early youth she had been accustomed to fulfill the supreme duty of a Virginia girl upon her native heath by making herself agreeable to "company." No matter what her physical weakness, once seated to receive a visitor, she would continue to put forth her wan enticements until he left her. On the present occasion, the strain of endeavor was clearly inspired by a feeling of unusual ambition to succeed. She was at a white heat of anxious agitation. McPhail, not unaccustomed to read the signs of the times in expectant chaperons, felt a quick sense of compassion for the poor transparent lady assail his soul. He tried, as soon as practicable, to relieve her distressful curiosity, by saying that his intention was to go abroad almost immediately, asking if he could execute any commissions for her with Mrs. Wilfred Methuen, whom he meant to "look up" in Northern Italy.

Truth to tell, the man's riotous blood swelling the veins of his bald forehead and overspreading his features in a florid blush, revealed that his emotion, in making this announcement, equalled that of Margot's mother in receiving it. Encouraged by her radiant smile, he went farther, and blurted out an almost boisterous assurance of his continued feeling for her child.

"Ah, thank God," exclaimed Mrs. Methuen, for the first time giving vent to unaffected impulse. "If you knew——"

Real tears, mother's tears, choked her utterance and welled from her eyes of faded azure.

"Perhaps I knew more than you give me credit for," he said, trying to escape the trying spectacle by walking over for another look at the photograph. "Come, Mrs. Methuen, cheer up, and help me out in the little business I've really come here to lay before you."

"Business," she said, uncomfortably. "Not the old debt. That can never lie over, as it has done, for a more convenient opportunity."

"Mr. Methuen, as I've told him a thousand times, ought never to have gone into those mines with you, and let you advance his share of the cash."

"I've done what I could," said the man hurriedly, "to make the obligation sit lightly. But Methuen's neck does not lend itself to a yoke, even if it were of straw."

"Oh! When did Augustin Methuen ever act like other men? If he had, do you think, would his family be in their present wretched position? But for your generosity in getting Tom and Will set upon their feet—"

"A small exertion on my part, Madam," interrupted her hearer, "which has never deserved the stress you laid on it."

It has been everything to us, Mr. McPhail, and even if it did send the two boys to live so far away from us as Iowa, they're satisfied, and don't want to come back to the District anyhow. The only thing that made me ashamed about that, was Mr. Methuen's never having had the grace to show you he appreciated your kindness. But that's my husband, all over. Let him take a prejudice against anybody—I don't mean he has against you, Mr. McPhail." She stopped with a deep rose colour rising into her withered cheeks.

"Believe me I am well aware how much your husband has resented my aspiring to his daughter's hand," said McPhail, clumsily attempting sarcasm. He did not feel comfortable, and showed it. Poor Mrs. Methuen, ostrich-like, was trying—she had ever done, to shut her eyes to the only reasons Augustin had vouchsafed her for his distaste of the suitor proposed for his exquisite child. She had told him at the time that she had no idea there was anything in what he had heard against the congressman, more than the merest gossip. In her grinding poverty, at her distance from the great world, she had chosen always to see only McPhail's great house on Connecticut avenue with its lordly front door and the liveried servants keeping guard there in visiting hours. She was throbbingly conscious, at this very moment, of his fine automobile waiting in the street outside. She had read in her Post that morning, a column description of the "millionaire congressman's" collection of curios, yearly added to by some splendid purchase in Europe. Other virtuosi, said the writer of the article, might content themselves with mere numbers in their art specimens, but Mr. McPhail's high standard excluded all but perfection of its kind.

And it was as the finest and rarest of these treasures, that her child had been twice asked to install herself among them! Margot might have been the sovereign mistress of all that wealth, might easily have owned a tiara of diamonds for her small head, pearls to hang around her swan-like throat, sables to set forth the rose-and-ivory of her skin, all the outward and visible tokens of the wonderful material splendor of modern days forever denied the mother's pinched, war-smitten life! Poor hapless soul! Just for a little while to see Margot queening it, and she would be content to drop like a dead leaf from the boughs! If Augustin Methuen were only barely reasonable, he would not have backed Margot up in her two refusals of McPhail—!

That McPhail had now suddenly, unexpectedly, without a shadow of warning, returned into the Methuen horizon after months when he had kept his distance, excited in her the wildest revival of old hopes. But her husband—her husband! Thin, pale, broken-spirited Augustin Methuen, with his chronic stoop, and intermittent interest in affairs outside his office and his home, how could he have shown such obstinacy in holding out against the one brilliant prospect that had ever presented itself to the family as a thing possible of realization. With Maud and Jessy and Julia likely to be indefinitely on

mony Hall back has been! But since he cannot—"

"You have in your power, madam, to induce him to accept at my hands—" interrupted McPhail, brusquely. He could no longer contain himself.

The dazzling illumination of the poor woman's face was succeeded by a swift drop into its habitual despondency.

"Mr. McPhail!" she exclaimed, hysterically, "I never heard anything so errand in all my life. Of course, I know it would be in only one way that our family could—'

"We understand each other sufficiently not to go further into that, dearest lady—" he protested.

"But the delicacy—the generosity of your thought, perfectly overpowers me. How shall I tell you the obstacles in our way?"

"I think I understand them. But I am willing to try to overcome the worst one."

"It could only be done through her."

McPhail was a little staggered. He did not desire to have his motives so quickly and ruthlessly exposed to daylight. But entrenching himself behind the character of refined and unselfish benefactor just ascribed to him, he was enabled to hold his own.

All that will be for the future to work out, Mrs. Methuen. Just now I am content to have done what meets your approbation. This reward, indeed, gives me courage to unfold a scheme that may or may not appeal to you. As I am about to be absent from the country for some months, it has occurred to me that perhaps you and Mr. Methuen and your daughters might consent to occupy Harmony Hall for the summer months as my guests. I shall put competent people in the house, and my horses in the stables. To have your taste and knowledge directed toward the supervision of my improvements will be more than an equivalent, as you can see readily. Methuen would have carte blanche to go ahead with the restorations."

"Oh, Mr. McPhail!"

It was as if heaven were opening before her. The desire of her husband's heart brought within his grasp! The question was, would he or would he not posses himself of it? If Margot would —ah! Margot must!

"Oh, Mr. McPhail," she repeated, brokenly. "I'm not sure—but I think—yes, I am almost sure. If she were here, I believe I'd be quite sure."

"I shall leave it to you, dear madam," said McPhail, with gleaming eyes.

CHAPTER II.

Margot leaned over the balustrade of the wide balcony fronting their suite of rooms in an hotel of ideal prettiness upon a lake where every prospect pleased. On this blazing first of June, the quality of the lazy air compacted with scents of the horse-chestnut blooms in the great avenue running parallel with the water, reminded her of her far away home in Washington. She did not altogether wish to be reminded of Washington or of her home or its people. That morning, a certain cable message had come for Aunt Katrina, and following it a battle of words had passed between the two women. The struggle had left Margot sore and stirred to the core of her resistent heart. After luncheon, Mrs. Methuen had betaken herself to rest on the chaise-longue in her pleasant salon. The girl had stolen out on the balcony to look down upon the passing show in the garden beneath, and wonder where she might turn for aid and comfort in sore stress of mind.

A fair scene lay before her, a festa of earth and sky was enacting! The whole flower-decked, palpitating world seemed to be offering herself to the sun god, for the time.

The mountains across the lake wore the tint and texture of ripe, purple plums. The intermediate stretch of lake seen beyond the garden railing whereon were welded roses, cream, pink, blackish-red and crimson, was a plain of shimmering silver. The trim gravel walk along the edge of the water was shaded by alternate pollard planes and palm trees. Already, although luncheon was long over, waiters were setting little tables upon the grass for the tea and the other mild liquid refreshments foreigners seem ever ready to imbibe.

Up and down between the beds of flaring marguerites and myosotis, strolled the hotel guests, men in white trousers, blue sack coats and spotless Panama hats, women for the most part in white frocks profusely embroidered. Some of them were dropping into iron chairs by the tea tables, lounging upon wicker seats under the great white pillared arcade over the hotel entrance, or hooding themselves under Bath chairs coquettishly lined with red or blue.

Below the landing stairs, a little fleet of rowing boats were assembling for the afternoon diversion of the guests—craft broad bottomed and safe of build, their stern seats cushioned in flowery chintz, gay awnings overhead, and the flag of his country conveniently ready to be run up astern for the benefit of any citizen of any nationality prepared to pay the price. Margot found herself vaguely watching the embarcation of a party of two in the jaunty steam yacht belonging to the hotel—a honeymoon couple of the pattern so frequent and obvious on the Italian lakes. Very young they were, very fluffy, doing their best to look indifferent to the prospect of an afternoon afloat in each other's company in this earthly paradise. As the maitre d'hotel, bearing aloft a tray containing enough sticky confectioneries to have spread a table for St. Agnes' Eve, hurried down to the landing to put his dainties aboard the launch, a general smile overspread the faces of on-lookers. It was as if two children were going off for a picnic feast. But Margot did not smile. In her heart she was rather enjoying the little bride in her pink-frilled muslin hat, who looked so adorably happy in spite of her best efforts to the contrary.

Over all this va-et-vient of cheerful summer folk, flared upon its staff the great banner of Italy, barred with green and red and white, that kept guard over their landing. Today, Margot felt out of tune with the charming spectacle so familiar to her eyes. They had come north from Sicily by automobile along the eastern coast of Italy, visiting the less-frequented cities and localities of that region, stopping as they chose according to the fancy of a traveler jaded yet discriminating as was Mrs. Wilfred Methuen. During this time of prolonged enchantment including their stay in Venice, Margot had not once heard mention of her bete noire, the Washington congressman. The old wearisome play of argument from the lips of her chaperon to her duty in the matter of accepting so manifestly eligible an opportunity of bettering her own condition and the family's fortunes, had apparently died a natural death. The girl had breathed gloriously free. Today, after the cablegram from McPhail had been placed in Mrs. Methuen's hands, the stroke of doom had sounded louder than ever in Margot's ears. To escape from the thoughts of it she felt that she could no longer bear the imprisonment of the trim terrace with its balustrade of stone, its pots of plants and mosaic patterned floor, looking down upon all these conventional people preoccupied with their petty attempts to make time fly.

Fly! when every day would bring nearer the threatened arrival of McPhail!

Slipping back into the darkened saloon, stacked with June roses in every corner, she crept past her aunt still dozing on the chaise-longue, a French novel fallen from her relaxed grasp, her aristocratic profile gleaming whitely against a pillow of Bologna cut-work. How was it possible this fair delicate being could have shown such iron purpose, such dire tenacity in urging her niece to a loveless marriage? Scarcely daring to trust herself to look a second time at the mute destroyer of her peace, Margot picked up a garden hat and went on tiptoe out into the spacious corridor, down the wide marble stairs to the grounds.

A former palace of that errant and ill-starred princess, Caroline of Brunswick and Queen of Britain who had here fought to failure part of her ignoble plan of life, was their present hostelry. In Margot's hand was the volume of old memoirs setting forth a chapter of the story. Poor highborn lady, who had devised this fairy haunt with its hanging gardens reaching to the skies, wherein she might be "no royalty, but only Caroline, a happy, merry soul!" What had her marriage of ambition brought to her? What did riches and splendor mean to anyone unless the magic awakening of a girl's soul came with them. If "Caroline" had loved a simple, honest gentleman, instead of bartering herself to a fopling prince for a chance at the crown of England, would shame and disaster have hounded her to an unhonored grave?

Even were conditions otherwise, Margot did not yet want to bind herself. She had just begun to sip of the sparkling cup of life with enjoyment and understanding. However much she might differ from the concrete worldly side of her aunt's views upon certain subjects, there was no denying Mrs. Wilfred Methuen's charm as a cultured comrade of travel. For the most part, Margot had enjoyed her thoroughly and learned of her infinitely. If they might only have gone on as they were together without the black projecting shadow of a "necessary" marriage falling across their path!

So pondering, she pursued an aimless way first along the avenue, back and forth under the shade of great horse chestnuts starred with pryamidal blooms, then crossing a grassy meadow flaring with yellow satin buttercups and hugh white marguerites, struck into the steep path ascending between stone troughs set in maidenhair and crimson roses wherein bright waters gurgle from the heights above. Mounting rapidly to the scaly old temple shrining a blackened image of the God of Strength, she passed out through a bosky bit of wood to the brink of the chasm in the hills, where a cascade moistens honey-sweetened air with perpetual freshness.

Uttering an exclamation of relief at the delicious coolness of the spot, while tossing her hat into a clump of bracken, Miss Methuen dropped upon a stone bench overgrown with lichen, extending her arms in the full luxury of escape from tropic sunshine into this abode of leafy loveliness.

In the dense verdure that surrounded her, she believed herself to be alone, but now saw, springing down from a rock above, intending to pass her in the path, a young man whose eyes at once met hers with a glance of delighted recognition.

Confused and puzzled, she bowed distantly. It was not until, with a deep, rather old-fashioned doffing of his straw hat, he had passed her by and ran quickly down the hillside, that she recalled where she had met him last.

It was in May of the year before, on her first appearance in society, at a garden party given by somebody at Chevy Chase, near Washington. He had been in company with some men of the Italian embassy; they had come together accidentally in the vicinity of a good-natured, officious lady who always made it a point to name young people to each other whether asked for the privilege or not. Mrs. Aspendale had presented him. Margot was not in the best of humors. She was realizing her own shabbiness of garb in a crowd of smart, self-assured people. The handsome foreigner had lingered beside her for a few moments, exchanging phrases of a banal character. She had been struck with the excellence of his English speech, with his marked beauty of face and form, the quiet distinction of his manner. Almost immediately McPhail had interposed and carried her away to get strawberries and cream in the tea room. She felt again her annoyance at McPhail's air of proprietorship on this occasion, her repulsion at the gaze of his bold black eyes, at his large red cheeks, at the gleaming teeth under a profuse black moustache—at everything about him, in fact. It had even blotted out the impression of the charming newcomer, Count di Stelvio—! The name came back to her in a flash. That there was, back of him, some picturesque family history, she had heard the women around her saying, but its facts Margot had never ascertained. The rest of that wretched spring had been spent in eluding McPhail.

Di Stelvio! What connection had this name with some romance of the neighborhood of which their boatman had spoken in rowing them back and forth about the lake? Now that she beheld him in his native atmosphere, the man who bore it seemed to exact curious, nay, vivid interest. She wished that he had lingered, had spoken a few words to her spite of foreign conventionalities. It was as if in exchanging glances with him a current of new and healthy interest had flowed into her life.

Perhaps he was stopping at their hotel, and she would see him at table d'hote dinner, or afterwards in the corridors. It came consolingly into her mind that here at last was the sort of person Aunt Katrina would think it "worth while" to notice. For willing as Mrs. Methuen might be to receive into her family connection a man of McPhail's appearance and antecedents, she was, in general, hypercritical concerning the strangers encountered along the way of travel.

Margot arose up from her bench rested and alert. No longer did the air appear to be distressingly perfumed and relaxing. She forgot that she had that morning urged Aunt Katrina to push on at once to the cooler Engadine. In her renewed activity of spirit, Miss Methuen remembered they were lacking a panetone for tea in their salon at five o'clock. Now was the hour at which the bake shop in the neighboring village might be counted upon to disgorge a fresh suppiy of these tempting loaves of rusk. She would find and notify her aunt's maid—Lydia was sure to be somewhere lounging and gossiping in the garden with other femmes de chambres of the hotel guests—that she herself would go in search of the dainty.

Walking with a new spring in her steps, she came to where the lazy Lydia was sitting upon a shady bench with two demoiselles of her calling, giggling and stabbing strips of broderie Anglaise. The women arose at her approach, stood while she spoke to Lydia, and exchanged whispers as she moved away.

"I think she has consented," Lydia, continuing a confidence previously begun. "She looks as if she were going to have a great house, great riches, a fine place in the world, Worth and Paquin to dress her—Oh!"

"All that for only saying 'yes' to a fine man like the photograph you showed us on Madame Methuen's table," sighed Emma, an anaemic Swede.

"I'd not have been so long saying it," pouted Ralie, a dark little French person, like a dragon-fly; and then they passed into a more racy discussion of the private affairs of recently arrived guests of the hotel.

When Miss Methuen emerged from the cool precincts of the grounds, it was to find herself directly in the main street of the village at their gates—a clean, cobble-stoned, narrow little street flanked by low plastered houses set in walled gardens overgrown with flowers, one half now in deep shadow, the other in blinding sunshine, its shop fronts, veiled in curtains of gray linen, behind which their proprietors sat or lounged in a state of suspended animation; the very dogs and cats lying prone, blinking at existence, during the hour of universal siesta.

Not unfamiliar, certainly not unwelcome, were this young lady's face and figure to the street. Today, in her frock of blue muslin made like a schoolgirl's, with her frilled lingerie hat and the sheaf of wild flowers underneath one arm, she won from the drowsy tradespeople glances even more approving than those they were wont habitually to bestow upon the predatory race from oversea that overruns their land, but always pays its way. Margot rather liked dawdling in the little shops along her route. There was generally something to purchase, something to practice her Italian upon, whether cakes, shoestrings, pins, alcohol for their spirit lamp, or cleaning fluid to take the spots out of her frocks—Lydia, like every self-respecting lady's maid, had small needs innumerable. Today, Margot chose first her panetone, fresh baked, crusty, currants dotting its brown dome at discreet intervals—saw it wrapped in a gilt stamped paper, tied with an azure string, and delivered into her white-gloved fingers; then turned in at the door of a certain shop of sorts, where as fate willed it, she was destined to a momentous meeting.

It was a favorite spot of hers, this little, dusky, aromatic grocery, overflowing at its outlet like a horn of plenty with lettuce, artichokes, young onions, wood strawberries, nuts still in their verdant envelopes, radishes and bundles of asparagus the size of slate pencils. Amid the bins and jars and barrels of its dim interior beneath a shelf of jars of archaic sweets, stood the dark-eyed padrona, now in confabulation about oil and semolina with a gentleman. As Margot stepped back beneath the door curtain to wait her turn, the padrona, espying her, smiled violently, tinkled her golden earbobs, and begged the young lady to come in. At the same moment the customer in possession turned, and Margot beheld again Count Stelvio.

This time they bowed simultaneously, Stelvio smiling as he offered to cede to her his place before the counter. Margot persisting in her withdrawal, waited on the cobblestones without. The padrona, proudly repeating in accents of deepest homage, a somewhat meagre order for sugar, oil, spices, spaghetti, and the like household necessaries, curtsied her customer away. As he passed Margot in going out she noticed that a donkey driver in the street pulled up his beast, to snatch off his cap before the count, while the adjacent yokels and shopkeepers bestirred their lazy bones to look after and salute him reverentially.

"Now I did not know, in Washington, how perfectly handsome a man can be in Cernobbio," said the young lady to herself. "And how they all bow down to him! A prophet honored in his own country, certainly."

She was conscious of a flat feeling, perhaps one of pique, perhaps one of regret, that he had not sought to renew their acquaintance. At Chevy Chase he would not have avoided a girl, because she had no visible chaperon! Stupid, these foreign ways! There was no man at Villa d'Este hotel that could compare with him in good looks, and charm of bearing. Now that she had been abroad, she recognized his type. All over Italy she had seen him in pictures and on tapestries. He was the grand seigneur of the famous galleries, forever lording it within some antique frame in silks and velvets, in a crowded council of his peers, or riding, hawk on wrist, in the winding procession of a hunt across some faded wall hanging of priceless web. What though his present attire was only blue serge cut in modern fashion, his hat one of panama braid such as every commonplace man of her acquaintance was the wearing, his hair and moustache cropped in the trim pattern of today, none the less did he suggest a picturesque and immemorial past, having for its background historic Italy—beautiful, adorable Italy that possessed power to stir her blood and waken tender feelings in her heart, as did no other country she had visited!

A poor gentleman—a modest householder she adjudged him, but one who in village estimation conferred honor where he passed. The padrona's brown face, while she had finished tying up for him a small parcel of coffee, that certes, had never known Arabia or even Cuba, was a study of satisfied pride and radiant admiration.

"The Signorina has then known our Count di Stelvio?" she asked with a gurgle like oil pouring from a flask.

"Si—once, for a moment, in America," explained Miss Methuen. "Is he—does he live in this neighborhood?"

"In the neighborhood?" repeated the groceress, with a little laugh of condecension. "Is it possible our boatmen have not pointed out to the Signorina the famous villa Far Niente that has been in the Count's family these many hundred years."

Far Niente! Suddenly, out of a tangled web of recollection emerged the memory of the saddest, most lovely abode of man Margot had ever dreamed of. A villa, ancient, solitary, forsaken by the sun, lying low upon the lake beside a mighty chasm in the hills, down which forever leaped a boisterous waterfall—a haunt of sadness and depressing mystery, spite of its gardens of roses and rhododendron, its mighty overshadowing trees and bosky hillsides.

"It has been pointed out to me," she said hastily trying to rehabilitate herself in the padrona's esteem. "But I believe no strangers are allowed to land there, now."

"Not in the three years since the Count has been living at Far Niente—altogether, winter and summer, except the visit he made last year on business to America."

"Winter and summer— Oh!" cried the girl shivering. "At midsummer, perhaps, for a month or so. But more—no one could endure such tragic isolation in winter."

"Our great families do not think it a penance to live in the homes of their fathers and grandfathers, wherever they may be," said the woman with some sense of teaching a lesson where it might be needed. "In old days, to be sure, Far Niente was but a pleasure house, a summer pavilion, a whim of its first owners. They could go there to escape the blinding heat of their castles and country houses in the south. But, a few years back, our young Count had the misfortune to lose by fire, the grand old castle near Farrara, where he had grown up. Some of the beautiful things out of it were saved. Such books and jeweled cups and pictures, I believe, were never seen!"

"And are these treasures now at Far Niente?"

"Some of them," answered the padrona, hesitating and coloring like an autumn peach. "It is no secret that our Count's mother had wasted the chief part of his father's fortune left to her. It is a sad story. The Signorina will doubtless hear it some day. The object of Count Stelvio's visit to America was, as is well known, to dispose of some old cups and vases and platters of great value inherited by him. He had no longer room for them," she added bridling. "And the greatest gem of his collection has remained. The Signorina has no doubt heard of the Stelvio Biberon?"

The Signorina's face was a study of varied emotions. During the Signorina's harangue, many things forgotten had come back to her, the most strange and marvelous of which was that the sale of a certain small, but magnificent array of early Italian faience in Washington, the spring before, had resulted in its final installation upon the shelves of no less a personage than Congressman Angus McPhail. He, then, her detested, persistent American lover was the owner of these waifs of the Stelvio house furnishings of centuries agone! To her they had been offered in conjunction with McPhail's other assets of solvency. Wonderful, indeed!

"Stelvio Biberon," she answered, hastily. "Yes—no—I seem to recall—"

"It is one of the treasures of our neighborhood." went on the padrona, importantly. "A drinking cup of perhaps a thousand years old, on which sits old Neptune, in pure gold, I have seen it, Signorina. The count himself unlocked the casket that contains it, afterward ordering his housekeeper to serve me and my husband with a glass of vino d'Asti. He is always gracious is the count, and much beloved by those who know him."

The Stelvio Biberon! Margot without difficulty recalled the florid announcements in the newspapers of her native land, that Count Stelvio, then visiting America, was the possessor of this unique, almost priceless work of art. She remembered the speculations concerning its actual money value, the many overtures said to have been made to its owner to part with it, by museums, the statement that in this Biberon Count Stelvio held a little fortune in his grasp. Lastly, to Miss Methuen's mind arose the memory of Angus McPhail's rhapsodies over a curio that money could not buy. To have it enshrined among the other exquisite gems of his little museum in Connecticut avenue, he had declared that he would give any price, commit any extravagance of effort.

"A full litre, Signorina? And another paper of the biscuits the Signorina likes? They shall be in your rooms at the hotel before a half hour has passed."

"There is no other member of Count Stelvio's family living with him at Far Niente?" ventured Margot, as she laid down the price of her purchases.

"No, Signorina, for the good reason that he is the last of them. Some day, as I said, you will hear his story. It is a sad one. A basket of these fresh wood strawberries to take with your tea? They are as ripe and red as the Signorina's lips. Grazie, my boy shall carry them with the other parcels. Until I see you again, Signorina."

Margot walked home under the chestnuts of the park with a quickened step, a heightened heart beat. The discomfort of being forced to think about McPhail was balanced and presently outweighed by the impossibility of forgetting Stelvio and his affairs.

After tea, for which half a dozen friends in the hotel dropped in, it was found the heat had sensibly decreased. Mrs. Clandeboye, a chatty Englishwoman, even declared that on the water they would be quite deliciously cool. Mrs. Methuen must lend her Miss Methuen to go out in her boat.

As they skimmed over the rippled surface of the lake, Mrs. Clandeboye talked on and ever; gossip of Rome and the Riviera, the preceding winter; on dits of the Engadine and the London season; things talked of in New York, and echoes from the colony at Cadenabbia, fell successively from her lips. Margot had but to sit with a listening expression, turning her thoughts whither they would roam. In that perfect evening hour, life on the lake was enchantment. The flowery shores, the wooded heights, the passing craft, were all invested with a soft beauty unspeakable. When the two stalwart boatmen shifted their course to take crosswise the waves of one of the fussy little steamers that in this mountain-locked expanse suffice to raise a considerable sea, she became aware of the close vicinity of another row-boat engaged in executing the same maneuver. It was a weather-worn old boat propelled by two young peasants dressed in a sort of faded livery, and the single passenger lifting his hat to Miss Methuen and her friend, disclosed for the third time that day the features of Count Stelvio. Margot, unnecessarily conscious as she felt, bowed in return, then looked away.

A moment later, Stelvio's oarsmen had skilfully taken the lead of theirs, and in a few powerful strokes had left behind the daintily cushioned and beflagged pleasure craft—as marked a contrast with their own, shabby through age and service, as they, in their working clothes with the hotel boatmen in gala white and blue.

"Why, do you know Count Stelvio?" asked Mrs. Clandeboye, hardly able to contain her eagerness until its object was out of hearing.

"A little. I met him last year in Washington," answered Margot, strangely unwilling to discuss the subject.

"That was when he went over to negotiate the sale of his wonderful faience to one of your dreadful nouveaux riches. I beg your pardon, but I've heard that this one was really so, you know. A great handsome, beefy congressman with a twang, some one said. I have quite forgot his name. Is it true they wear turn-over collars with white satin scarfs and a diamond pin with evening clothes, those officials? How delightful now, to have met Stelvio! Countess Fleury, who is neighbor on the lake, has promised to invite me some day when he comes to her. He's very shy and offish, and she's almost the only person that can get him to her house. They talk roses and vineyards, and compare their figs, you know. If he hadn't sold that faience, I suppose he'd have almost nothing to go on with, for, of course, he's dreadfully poor. What a perfectly beautiful face his is—like some one of those marbles at the capitol in Rome, I forget which. Such a contrast in coloring to your peach-blossom skin and adorable red hair. I'd like to see you two together. Do you think it's possible, now he knows you are here, that he would call on Mrs. Methuen?"

"Not in the least possible," said Margot firmly. "I have seen him three times today and he barelly recognized me."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Mrs. Clandeboye, after she had heard the circumstances of their previous meetings. "Then you know nothing of his history?"

"Only what you have just told me."

"Then listen, my dear, for it's really a romance. The di Stelvios, as everybody knows, are a family of fabulous antiquity, who have been connected in the past with great houses and performed all sorts of great deeds in the history of their country. Until three years ago, the present man was a bondslave to a mad mother with whom he lived in an old castle with one of those queer musical names—near Ferrara, I think. His youth was under a cloud, because it was generally believed that he had no legal right to his name or title. She, who alone had the proofs, would never understand that she should show them or yield them up to him. He served her, nevertheless, with the utmost devotion, until she set the castle on fire and died from the shock resulting. Just at the end, she became quite sane, and gave him the papers proving his legitimacy. She had frittered or given away to her priests all the fortune remaining after a stormy career, and the poor lad was obliged to remove to Far Niente, originally only a place of resort for the family in hottest weather. Here he lives all the year round, with two old house servants and the two peasant lads you saw rowing him. And yet, if he would part with the Stelvio Biberon—"

"I have heard of that," said Margot, interrupting her. She did not desire to hark back to the reputed offers made for his treasure by the museums and Congressman McPhail.

"Of course, everybody thinks he had better have sold it long ago, but the thing seems to be a sort of household god with the Stelvios. The young Count saved it himself from the burning of the castle, after he'd saved his mother. The faience, a lot of old books that are considered enormously desirable by connoisseurs, some tapestries and the Biberon, were all removed to Far Niente, where they are now surrounded by mouldering old pictures and furniture, far gone in dry rot. No one sees them, for you know, one might as well attempt to pass Cerberus as that old man who keeps the gate on the water front, at Far Niente. No visitors are allowed there as at other show places on the lake, in the master's absence. The villa is alleged by the boatmen to be brimful of ghosts and traditions, and, certainly, the history of Stelvio's immediate predecessors is sufficiently gruesome to create an atmosphere of gloom."

Pausing for breath, Mrs. Clandeboys resumed: "The Count, this young man's father, was a brilliant and much traveled personage, known in all the courts and societies of Europe. By ill luck, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful woman of high rank whose husband was his intimate friend. It is said that Count Stelvio, when setting out to leave her, was followed by the lady, challenged by the husband, whom he wounded in a duel, and ultimately retired with her to the castle near Ferrara. That a marriage between them took place after the husband's death was generally believed, but never declared by the couple, who lived for each other, forgotten by the world. It was their custom during the great heat of midsummer to go to his villa Far Niente, where the sun only strikes for an hour or two daily, so hears the overhanging woods and cliffs. When the boy was about 5 years old, he saw his father drown while swimming with his mother in the lake below the balcony upon which open the windows of their drawingroom. After that, she never recovered her sanity until just before her death."

"All this happened long ago?" asked the girl, drawing a long breath.

"Yes, for he must be five and twenty now. The poor young fellow's life has been spent between battling for his right to his name and taking care of the demented mother. Since he has been established beyond question as his father's lawful heir, people have done their best to get hold of him as a society lion, but in vain. He will have nothing to do with sensation hunters, lives his frugal life between Rome and Far Niente, and has no intimate friends. The country people hereabout idolize him as the last of his ancient line. His journey to America, undertaken at the instance of a friend of his family in the Italian embassy at Washington, is said to have stirred him to much more human interest, and he has been brighter ever since. But, at best, it's a doleful situation, isn't it? If the young man were not so divinely good-looking, it wouldn't seem so hard. He is the image of his beautiful mother, these boatmen will all tell you. She, it seems, is a fountain of eternal romance to their imaginative and sympathizing natures. They have a story that she is sometimes still seen swimming by moonlight, like a Loreley, her white arms thrown despairingly above her head. And it is told that now and again they espy a light burning in the shrine over her prie-Dieu at Far Niente, long after the other lights along the shore have been put out."

The sun had forsaken the world below, and a delicious coolness fell around them. It was the Feast of the Assumption, and the bells of many little hamlets along the shore on either side of the lake began calling to evensong. Upon the white ribbon of the high road near by passed a procession of villagers carrying a crucifix and singing. Obeying a sign from their employer, the boatmen rested oars beneath a wall dripping with purple wistaria, till it had passed. Above against a background of black-green cypresses sprang two Japanese trees having stems and boughs of a vivid red—like coral. Everywhere in the grounds of the villa beneath whose walls they had taken refuge, blossomed roses, standard and clinging. Far away, up on the dusky mountain crest above, lights like stars were beginning to twinkle in humble little homes.

Margot could not resist a glance in the direction where she knew Stelvio's house to be. No sight or sound of his boat was upon the waters. It was as if it had already passed into the shadows that never lift.

(To Be Continued.)

If You Read This

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes that has any such *professional* endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit-forming drugs and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of all stomach as well as bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable.

A booklet of extracts from eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed *free* on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOW TO DEAL WITH R. R. CAPITALIZATION

Franklin K. Lane in the American Review of Reviews.

First. The government should express, affirmatively and negatively, the purposes for which an interstate carrier may issue stocks, bonds, or notes.

Second. The directors of the road proposing to issue such securities should make a record of such proposed issue on the minutes of the corporation, to which a majority of the directors shall subscribe.

Third. This statement, signed individually by each of the directors, and sworn to personally by each, should be sent to a designated official of the federal government, the interstate commerce commission, perhaps.

Fourth. An annual report sworn to by a majority of the directors should be sent to the same body, stating with particularity how such securities were disposed of, the proceeds resulting, and their use.

Fifth. The government should through its special agents, having direct access to all books and accounts of the railroads, and by law they may keep only such books, accounts or memoranda as the interstate commerce commission shall authorize, and are permitted to destroy none, make investigation of these issues, expenditures, etc., as often as may be deemed advisable.

Sixth. The deviation in any particular from the original declaration of intention made at the time of the issuance of the securities, either in their form, character, rate of interest, or otherwise, or from the uses expressly stated at such time as to which the proceeds of such securities were to be put, or the issuance of any securities for any purpose which the law does not authorize, or the failure to report accurately and fully whatever the law requires, or otherwise to comply with the provisions of the law, should subject the directors personally to such term of imprisonment as the law may prescribe.

INFLUENCES LEGISLATION.

In reference to the political phase of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, the president, says: "It is in no sense political yet its influence and power are felt in every legislature in the United States, and it has a proud boast of having been a great factor in passing the long-disputed pure food bill. It can not be called an academy or museum of art, yet one of the greatest authorities of the age has said that the years of study and demonstration in the clubs of the federation have produced the wonderful results shown in the schoolroom decoration, and much of the arts and crafts movement, by which a genuine love for and knowledge of art is being instilled into the coming men and women."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHEN SIMON WENT A-FISHING

The International Sunday School Lesson for June 14 is, "The Risen Christ by the Sea of Galilee." John 21:1-25.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

When life is at a tension, do the old accustomed thing. In a time of stress and strain and anxiety, wise is the man who, like Simon Peter, will go fishing. There is no incongruity in the way this sublime story by John ends in a fishing scene. The naturalness of Bible characters is one authentication of the book. In novels people seem not to have to make a living or buy new clothes or pay carfare; they are merely lay figures for the display of certain emotions. But Bible folk are real. We catch frequent glimpses of them at work, beset by domestic difficulties, and concerned in all the normal relations of flesh and blood people.

During the waiting time after the Lord's appearance in the upper room, and while they sojourned in Galilee, as instructed pending further commands, Simon Peter, ever first to act, proposed to the six friends who were with him, "I go a-fishing."

That was their trade; they were amid familiar scenes, and so they set out upon a night's fishing—their hands busy with the accustomed tasks while their minds revolved the big questions of their Lord's resurrection and the future of His cause. And as is His wont, while His friends were busy about everyday affairs, Jesus came to them. He is often-est to be met amid the lowly ways of duty.

The Friendly Voice from Shore.

Vain had been the night's labor, and when a friendly voice from shore hailed them with the ancient form of the fisherman's salutation, "What luck?" they were ready to respond to the friendly advice to make a cast on the other side of the boat. Doubtless they thought that from His point of vantage on shore the stranger could see signs of a shoal of fish. Straightway the net showed a heaviness that was grateful to their tired arms. They thought upon the probable size of the catch. All except one: John had a mind above fish, and he perceived straightway that here was another sign like the one which had marked his entrance into the apostleship. With love's joyous cry of recognition he declared, "It is the Lord!"

Enough for Peter, penitent and impetuous. With him to think was to act: he flung himself into the sea, and swam ashore. I am not sure that he would not have been more welcome had he waited to pull a laboring oar in the little boat, with its dragline net full of great fish—one hundred and fifty-three in all, as the fisherman-author records. Still, if this was another blunder on Peter's part, it was a blunder of love. The lonely Lord's heart must have been warmed by this evidence of zealous affection, even if his judgment could not approve it.

And it was Peter who, at the final landing, hauled the great catch up for the Master's inspection.

Ashore, the wearied fishermen found that their Friend had prepared a fire and had broiled fish and made ready bread. Cold, hungry, wet, they partook of a meal in the dawn of the breaking day—and so great an impression did the incident make on Peter's mind that he alluded to it in his sermon to Cornelius' household.

A Famous Dialogue.

Then followed a conversation that is a remarkable bit of literature—Peter's formal reinstatement in his apostleship. Thrice he had denied his Lord; now he is given three-fold opportunity to affirm his allegiance. The conversation ran thus, so far as it is to be rendered in our vague English tongue:

Jesus—"Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?"

Peter—"Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee."

Jesus—"Feed my lambs."

Jesus (for the second time)—"Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me?"

Peter—"Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love Thee."

Jesus—"Feed my sheep."

Jesus (for the third time)—"Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me?"

Peter—"Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

Jesus—"Feed my sheep."

The point of the dialogue is lost in the English translation, for it is a play upon words. Jesus uses one word for love, and another. The second word was the divine word, that recurs so often in the New Testament, the word that is used as a synonym for God, in the sentence, "God is love." Peter used the word for friendly, human love. Jesus spoke on one plane, and Peter on another. This unprepossessing exchange of speech, meant by each in a different way, is a common experience of life.

Jesus asked Peter twice, in effect, "Peter, do you love me with a divine, consuming love, akin to the love I have for the world?" Peter, all uncomprehending, replied, "I love you as friends love one another." In the third instance Jesus stepped down and met Peter on his own ground, asking, "Peter, do you really even love me with this warm human love?" That broke Peter all up. In a flood of grieved humility he flung himself on the Lord's omniscience, with, "Lord, thou knowest all things; and thou knowest that, to the best of my powers, I do love thee." That satisfied Jesus.

The Testing of Love.

The proof of a lover's sincerity is not the fervor of his phrases of affection during courtship days, but his tenderness, faithfulness and devotion in the long stretches of married life. The proof of love is service. That is the law laid down by Jesus. Peter was to show whatever love he had for his Lord by service to the Lord's people. "Feed my sheep," was the commission and seal of his apostolate.

Time has not abrogated that law. The twentieth century makes loud profession of its lofty and altruistic ideals. To it comes the challenge of Jesus: Prove your creed by your deed. You love all those things for which I stand? Then feed my sheep. Ministry is the mark of the Master upon men. Our age is to be justified in its wealth and wisdom and power only by its deeds of mercy and helpfulness. The man who has received much must be held accountable for much beneficence—and not hailed as a philanthropist because he makes this partial return of his debt to society and to his time.

Except the twentieth century feed the hungry sheep—the hunger of bodies, the hunger of minds, and the hunger of spiritualy starved hearts it will have failed to meet the fair test imposed upon Peter. Upon all the world that claims possession of the ideals of Christendom this law rests squarely. Especially is it binding upon the church. Fine buildings, numerous and modern organizations, a multiplicity of services, a learned pulpit and fashionable pews—these alone do not meet the test.

IN FASHION.

We haven't any bread at home; we haven't any meat,
About the house we furnished roam, in search of things to eat.
But in the house no crust we find; a void in every bin,
We have no food, but never mind, it's stylish to be thin.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Experience of a Southern Man.

"Please allow me to thank the originator of Postum, which in my case speaks for itself," writes a Fla. man.

"I formerly drank so much coffee during the day that my nervous system was almost a wreck. My physician told me to quit drinking it, but I had to have something to drink, so I tried Postum.

"To my great surprise I saw quite a change in my nerves in about 10 days. That was a year ago and now my nerves are steady and I don't have those bilious sick headaches which I regularly had while drinking coffee.

"Postum seems to have body-building properties and leaves the head clear. And I do not have the bad taste in my mouth when I get up mornings. When Postum is boiled good and strong, it is far better in taste than coffee. My advice to coffee drinkers is try Postum and be convinced." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

We have a cow that was fresh about ten days ago. After two days she took sick; seemed to be kidney trouble and indigestion, and her udder caked, one teat being particularly bad. She seems all right now, with the exception of the left hind teat, which is still badly caked. I have done all I know. Will somebody tell me what to do under the circumstances?—S., Shepherd, Mich.

The Bothersome Bugs.

To kill bugs on watermelons, squashes, etc., take two and one-half tablespoonfuls of coal oil to one quart of wood ashes and dust the stalks in the morning before the dew is all off

Habitual Constipation

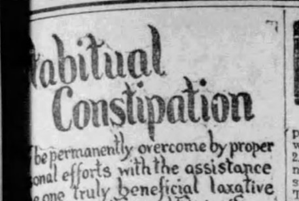
Can be permanently overcome by proper natural efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative Remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with and is no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally, to get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
Large size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle

FAMILIAR FIGURES IN N. Y.'s HISTORY

One of the sweetest looking women in New York City" is a contemporary description by Griswold of Lady Catherine Duer, a prominent figure in the Revolutionary and early republican days of New York. Her father was one of the first governors of the—afterwards Columbia college. One of her sons was its president, and another gained fame and glory as Captain John Duer.

Lady Catherine was a daughter of Sir William Alexander, Lord Stirling, and



LADY CATHERINE DUER.

inherited the best blood of Scotland. She was a fine New Yorker, for her grandfather the wife of James Alexander, a Mr. De Peyster.

In the Colonial days preceding the Revolution her father entertained at the town house on Broad street, and the noble country seat at Basking Ridge, in New Jersey, the leaders in political, intellectual and social life of the day, and not a little of the charm of both households was contributed by the vivacious and graceful Lady Kitty, as her intimates called Stirling's second daughter.

Through the stirring times of the Revolution Colonel William Duer, one of her many suitors, won her hand, perhaps because he, like her own father, was a soldier. She was married very quietly while the war was still in progress, and John Jay ran off from his cares and worries at Philadelphia to be present at her quiet wedding at her father's country seat.

After her father's death in Albany at the close of the war cast a gloom over the gayety of many prominent families of New York, to whom Lord Stirling was endeared. A brighter chapter opens with the arrival of Washington in 1789 for his inauguration. The Franklin house, at No. 3 Cherry street, was set apart for his dwelling, and it was Lady Kitty Duer's taste that furnished the noble mansion in a manner befitting the first President.

The public ball given to Washington on May 7—The first inaugural ball in the history of the country—Lady Kitty was one of the belles. She attended with her mother, Lady Stirling, and her older sister, Lady Mary Watts. She was a frequent guest at the President's house.

An interesting glimpse of Lady Kitty is afforded during what was called "The Doctors' Mob," when the place, enraged at the medical students' dissections, stormed the city hospital. Kind hearted Baron Steuben remonstrated with the governor and in quelling the mob with the fire-hose. In the midst of his protest he was struck by a missile and severely wounded in the forehead. As he fell he is said to have cried, "Fire! governor, governor fired, and killed five people, besides wounding seven or eight others. Baron Steuben was carried down Broadway to Duane street to the Duer mansion, where Lady Duer took him in. No surgeon dared to show himself in the streets, no aid could be obtained, and Lady Kitty herself bathed his wounds, staunched the blood and bound up Baron Steuben's head.

THE BENEFICENT TOAD.

It is to be hope that the toad's life history and habits may be better understood, its usefulness as a destroyer of insects more widely appreciated, and its protection from wanton destruction secured, the government has issued a bulletin dealing with this little animal friend to all who are engaged in agriculture. To the eye the common toad is an object of disgust, if not of fear; but the toad has many points to redeem the burden of false and ridiculous misrepresentation.

Many eminent savants in their writings have lauded the toad with venomous quailing and even went so far as to declare the toadstone or jewel in the head of the innocent little animal of nocturnal habits. Equally surprising is the reputed ability of his toadship to produce warts on the hands; to poison infants by his breath; to bring good fortune to the man in whose new-made cellar it takes up its abode; and to cause bloody milk and even if killed by accident or design. The toad is of direct service to man by reason of the noxious insects which it devours.

The "homing" instinct is strong, and it occurs year after year in the same locality. Overwhelming evidence has been furnished of two toads that occupied doorways in two different towns for 12 and 15 years, respectively, while there is significant proof of others that lived in the same yard for periods ranging from three to a dozen years. The belief that the toad is venomous no doubt arises from the fact that when it is disturbed or roughly handled it ejects through the pores a certain milk, acrid fluid. This does no harm attends contact with the fluid, although it may have been noticed that dogs show symptoms of discomfort following an attempt to eat toads. Statistics have been compiled going to show that at least 98 per cent. of the toad's food is of animal nature, including ants, cutworms, thousand-legged worms, tent caterpillars, army worms, weevils, grasshoppers, crickets, ground beetles, sow-bugs, snails and angle worms.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

John Bull.

Will the Question Bureau please give the origin of John Bull as the nickname of the British empire?—E. G. S., Pellston, Mich.

The nickname John Bull was first used by the English humorist, Arbuthnot, and since popularized as a typical name suggesting a humorous or burlesque representation of the English character. He is represented as a bluff, jolly, bull-headed farmer.

The Kentucky Tobacco War.

Please tell all you can about the tobacco war or trouble that has been raging in Kentucky. What caused it?—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

Briefly, the Kentucky tobacco war is the result of opposition to the American Tobacco company or trust, as it is called. We shall not attempt to go into the details of this warfare and its varied phases. A few years ago this opposition assumed the form of a war between two organized bodies. It was the Dark Tobacco District Planters' Protective association against the American Tobacco company. In waging their fight the members of the association have considered as enemies all who have refused to take an active part on their side of the question. No neutrals are recognized and planters who are independent of the organization are regarded as enemies, and the plants and barns of these have been destroyed by the so-called night-riders. It is said, however, that the infamous treatment that has been meted out to those who did not choose to join the association has been the work of the younger or irresponsible element. And again, there seems little doubt that many of the outrages have been committed by men who were seeking means of revenge against private foes.

Constantine's Cruelties.

An infidel here made the statement that Constantine, who compiled the New Testament, committed seven murders and had his wife destroyed in a vat of boiling water. Is it a matter of fact in history?—E. C., Fairgrove, Mich.

Without going into details of the life of Constantine we will quote a page of history: "His (Constantine's) son, Crispus, by whose energies as commander of the fleet the siege of Byzantium had been brought to a successful conclusion, became the victim of his father's jealousy, and was suddenly ordered to execution. Then Fausta, the queen, was for no better reason sent to a similar fate. Crime followed crime until the bloody mind of Constantine became haunted with specters. Not even the absolution which was freely given to their champion by the Christian priests could allay the remorse or quiet the distemper in his nature. He became a devotee to the new faith, and again undertook a reconciliation of the conflicting parties. In A. D. 325 he convened a great council at Nicaea, the modern Nice, and here was undertaken the work of unifying the dogmas of the faith. Constantine, himself, supported by a body of soldiers, presided over the deliberations. He heard the testimony of the various priests and bishops as to the traditional beliefs which they had received and taught. Judgment was rendered on the questions at issue between the conflicting parties and a standard of orthodoxy established for the future government of the Christian world."

Marie Corelli.

Will the Question Bureau please tell me something about Marie Corelli, the author?—E. M., Chillicothe, Mo.

Marie Corelli was born in Italy in 1864. She was of mingled Italian and Scotch parentage and connections. She was adopted in infancy by Charles Mackay, a well-known song writer, and brought up during childhood in England. She was afterwards sent to France and educated in a convent, where she received a first-class musical education. Her first literary attempts were three sonnets on Shakespearean themes. A curious psychical experience occurring to herself personally caused her to write her first book, A Romance of Two Worlds, which was published in 1886. It was an instant success, and from that time she has devoted herself entirely to literature. Her favorite recreations are reading and music. She is unmarried. At the end of 1897 a dangerous illess, nearly ending in her death, interrupted her work, and while slowly recovering from this, during the spring of 1898, George Eris Mackay, second son of Charles Mackay, who had been nominated at her father's death as her legal guardian, being many years her senior, died suddenly of pneumonia, leaving her entirely alone in the world. The shock of this bereavement prostrated her again with serious illness, and it was not till the end of April, 1899 that she recommenced her literary labors. Her health is now fully re-established. She has given up her house in London, and resides in Stratford-on-Avon.

Taft Not a Catholic.

Some of our good Democratic friends say that Secretary Taft is a member of the Roman Catholic church. Is he?—W. F., Bremen, Ga.

No. This question has come to us more than a dozen times during the past few months, and we answered it on several occasions; and still we are unable to understand why a candidate's church affiliations should be of such great concern, providing he is all right otherwise.

The Bad Lands.

Will you kindly tell us, through the Question Bureau, all you can about the Bad Lands, where located and why so named?—W. G. M., Wicklow, W. Va.

The name Bad Lands is applied to the arid regions of the west, where are districts presenting wide areas of hills and ridges of moderate height, bare of sod and broken by numerous gullies and ravines. The principal of these areas are in the western Dakotas and central Wyoming, and smaller examples of bad-land topography are of frequent occurrence in the arid regions in various portions of the world. In the Big Bad Lands of western South Dakota, east of the Black Hills, there is an area of about 2,000 square miles, which consists largely of bad lands occupying extensive basins cut in a plateau along the White and Cheyenne rivers. They present wonderfully weird scenery. An extensive area in the valley of the Little Missouri river is crossed by the Northern Pacific railroad in the vicinity of Medora, and many bad-land features are to be seen near the railroad. Typical bad lands present mesas and ridges from 200 to 400 feet high in the greater part, eroded into fantastic shapes and cut by ravines and gullies into an endless variety of rugged buttresses and pinnacles. The materials are mainly light-colored sandy clays and soft sandstones in thin horizontal strata, and their bare slopes are dazzling in the bright sunlight. Most bad-land regions were table-lands originally, and areas of the old surface remain in level-topped, grass-covered mesas of varnous sizes, with bad-land slopes extending to flat-bottomed valleys of greater or less width. Bad lands exhibit the close relations of topographic form to rock texture, the homogeneous clays being carved into regular slopes, in which sandstone layers give rise to benches or protect columns and pinnacles of clay. Bad lands are developed in soft rocks where a region has been so unlifted that there is rapid erosion, under arid or semi-arid climatic conditions. The occasional rains cut gullies which are eventually deepened into ravines and, as the rocks are soft, the erosion progresses more rapidly than vegetation can establish itself. In regions of abundant rainfall, vegetation is so vigorous that it usually forms a protective mantle on all but the steeper slopes, but in arid lands a thin sod is the principal growth, and it is quickly removed by the rapid run-off of the torrential rains.

The Solar System.

Will the editor of Question Bureau please describe the solar system and all the planets that compose it?—E. A. P., Given, W. Va.

The solar system is that collection of bodies of which the earth on which we dwell is one. These bodies are distinguished from all others in the universe by having the sun as the center of their motions. The sun sheds its light and heat on all the other bodies and, by its powerful attraction, keeps them in their sevral orbits. It is the fountainhead of all life on the earth. It is more than 300,000 times as massive as all the other bodies of the system put together; hence its attractive power on all these bodies. The planets are the bodies which revolve around the sun in elliptic orbits, generally differing little from circles. The planets are opaque, and are therefore visible to us only by reflecting the light of the sun. They are divided into two classes, major and minor planets. The major planets are Mercury, Venus, the earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. All the major planets, with the exception of two, have one or more smaller bodies revolving round them and accompanying them in their course round the sun; thus each of the planets having satellites may be said to form a solar system in miniature, since the motion of the satellites round the planet is quite similar to that of the latter round the sun. Yet another class of bodies are comets and meteoric bodies. Comets generally revolve in orbits so eccentric that, during the greater part of their course, they are entirely invisible. A few are known to revolve within the orbit of Jupiter. Their times of revolution vary all the way from three years to unknown thousands of years. The meteorites or meteors, which must be countless millions in number, are so minute that we never see them except when they strike our atmosphere and form a shooting star.

The planets are all so distant from us that to the naked eye they appear like stars, Venus and Jupiter being brighted than any fixed star. They are also distinguished from the stars by their apparent motions, which may be seen by watching them from night to night. From the sun the distances of the major planets from the sun are as follows: Mercury, 36,000,000 miles; Venus, 67,200,000 miles; the earth, 92,-900,000 miles; Mars, 141,500,000 miles; Jupiter, 483,000,000 miles; Saturn, 886,-10,000 miles; Uranus, 1,782,000,000 miles; Neptune, 2,792,000,000 miles.

The Sunday School.

Will the Question Bureau kindly give a short history of the Sunday school?—J. M., Newbury, W. Va.

Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, was the father of the modern Sunday school. In a suburb of the city where he lived Raikes saw a number of children, of wretched appearance, playing in the streets. He was informed by an inhabitant to whom he addressed himself, that on Sundays, when the children were released from work, and the few who enjoyed the benefits of any instruction through the week were free from school, they presented a more afflicting sight of misery and vice. This observation gave Raikes the idea of keeping the children occupied, and he engaged several women, who left schools in the neighborhood to receive such children as he should send to them on Sundays, and instruct them in reading and the catechism, paying each of them a shilling for her day's work. His example was soon followed by other charitable persons in different quarters of the city, and in a few years Sunday schools were established in almost every part of Great Britain. Raikes made his first experiment in 1781, and five years later it was estimated that 250,000 children were receiving instruction in Sunday schools. In 1803 the first Sunday school union was formed in London. The first Sunday schools united sunday with religious instruction. Sunday schools were established in Protestant churches in Scotland, Ireland and America in the years immediately following their establishment in England. In later times Sunday schools increased rapidly in connection with all Protestant churches throughout the world.

The Protestant Sunday school, as it exists today in the United States, may be said to have its real beginning in Philadelphia, December 19, 1790, when twelve persons held a meeting and decided to begin the work. Sunday schools had been established in the United States shortly after Raikes had begun his work, but they existed more as local institutions. The American Sunday School Union is the outgrowth of the Sunday and Adult School Union, established in Philadelphia in 1817. The new and broader organization took definite form May 24, 1824. On its 75th anniversary the American Sunday school union had 100,928 Sunday schools with a membership of 4,070,346 pupils and 573,680 teachers. Today in the United States, there are 149,519 Sunday schools, with 1,451,855 teachers and 4,399,253 scholars. In the world there are 262,181 Sunday schools, 2,246,888 teachers and 22,739,323 scholars.

Governament of India.

Will the Question Bureau tell something about India, especially its form of government?—A. R. S., Redbank, Pa.

This has been done in these columns heretofore, but not, if we remember correctly, very recently.

India is a vast region of southern Asia with a population of something like 300,000,000. Two of the most striking peculiarities of the social condition is the institution of caste, and the village system. The latter is very simple. A village does not mean a collection of houses, but corresponds rather to a township in America. It is a district embracing thousands of acres of land, and is under the management of native functionaries, the principal of whom, is the potail (head inhabitant), a kind of chief magistrate, who superintends the affairs of the community, settles disputes, attends to the police and collection of taxes. The people have lived under this simple form of government from time immemorial. The boundaries of the villages have seldom been changed; and though the villages themselves have sometimes been injured, and even desolated by war, famine and disease, the same names, the same limits and even the same families, have continued for ages. India was entered and partly subdued by Alexander the Great about 326 years B. C., it was also invaded by the Tartars, or Scythians of the Greeks, and Sakas of the Hindus. From the tenth to the twelfth century of the Christian era, the Mohammedans overran and conquered considerable of the territory; and subsequently the Mogul empire was formed. In 1428, India was first visited by Vasco de Gama, and subsequently the Portuguese and Dutch established settlements. The French influence in India, yielded to British enterprise, and in 1625 the first English settlement was formed. In 1687, Bombay was erected into a presidency. In 1772, by a British act, the three provinces were consolidated under a governor general, and Calcutta was made the seat of the supreme court of judicature. Madras and Bombay being made subordinate to Bengal. In 1784 a board of control was appointed, the president of which became secretary of state for India. From the year 1750, when the warlike acquisition of territory commenced under Lord Clive, a succession of conquests, almost forced upon the British contrary to their inclinations, had now placed nearly all India under their sway. The court of directors of the East India company have the power of electing the governor general, subject to the approval of the government, and also the power of his recall. The company also held the patronage of other appointments until the act died in 1854; but in 1833, their exclusive right to trade was abolished in favor of free trade. The governor general, assisted by a council of five, has the power of making laws for the whole British India, subject to the approval of the home government; and he has the sole direction of the army, under the direction of the commander-in-chief. There is a free press and equal laws to all subjects. The revenue is derived almost entirely from a land tax. Under the zemindary system, established in Bengal, the zemindars, formerly a sort of collectors, have been constituted the actual proprietors of the soil, and have become bound to pay a fixed and permanent assessment amounting to one-half the produce. In Madras an assessment, varying, according to the agricultural strata, and the soil, is adopted under the name of the ryotwary system. The village system, prevalent in the native states, and in some parts of Bengal and Nerbudda districts, consists in the assessments being collected from the cultivators of the soil, through the medium of native village officers, appointed by each community without the interference of the government. These rent assessments are high, and bear hard on the cultivators of the soil; yet the condition of the population under British rule is greatly ameliorated from that under the unsteady governments and the incessant wars and conquests of previous periods of their history.

Miscellaneous.

W. H. Liberty, Ind.: Get a good lawyer of your own state to give you the information you want.

A. L. S., Bryan, O.: Ostler Joe was written by George R. Sims.

E. R. C., Pellston, Mich.: The popular vote of the Socialists in Germany rose from 811,961 in 1881 to 3,008,000 in 1903. We have no later statistics than the above.

E. B., Selma, Ind.: John Hays Hammond is a mining engineer. His residence is in Gloucester, Mass., but he has an office in New York and also in London.

S. D. C., Columbus Grove, O.: The Presbyterian general assembly closed during the last week in May.

E. J. B., Manchester, Mich.: You should go to a lawyer for an answer to your questions.

W. T. C., Lockhart, Fla.: President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was printed in these columns a few weeks ago. Refer to that for the information you want.

J. M. D., Fairbury, Neb.: No, we cannot give you the maiden name of the wife of Oliver Wolcott.

A. A., Etowah, N. C.: The bureau cannot answer your question. We have no technical knowledge on the subject.

J. E., Augusta, Mich.: We would advise you to write to the war department, Washington, D. C.

GANDER WITH MATERNAL AMBITIONS

Pittsfield Dispatch to the New York World.

The scrappy gander on the Onota farm of H. C. Valentine, of New York, which made the acquaintance of John D. Rockefeller last summer has taken possession of a setting of goose eggs and is performing the maternal duties of the incubating period to the obvious jealousy of the goose which the gander displaced.

Because of Mr. Rockefeller's fondness for the big gander the fowl had been allowed wide latitude, but when Superintendent Gorman found the gander keeping warm a setting of choice eggs on which he had placed a pedigreed goose, he removed the gander and replaced the goose. After repeating the operation several times, Gorman hid and awaited developments. When the coast seemed clear the gander approached and in a brief conflict drove off the goose. Gorman decided not to interfere further with the motherly ambitions of the gander, which from its nest views impertubably the angry demonstrations of the deposed goose.

WILD MAN OF THE WOODS

Our old friend, the Wild Man of the Woods, has turned up again. Some years ago he was seen in Indiana and purshed. With incredible swiftness he outran leading citizens and, climbing a tree, hooted in derision, as was thought, from the topmost branches, after which he pulled the tree up after him and disappeared. A year or two ago he was in Maine. Emerging from the forest shortly before sunset, without clothes and with a bushy beard, he moaned in a dismal manner and uttered savage cries. The school was closed for a week and double the usual amount of tonics was sold to villagers at the grocery store. Now he is living in a cave near Mianus, Conn. Mr. Ingraham, a prominent and veracious citizen, has seen him. The Wild Man is still tall, and his beard is now two feet in length. When Mr. Ingraham spoke to him he ran like a deer, plunged into a river and waded across. Master James Smith, a likely boy nigh 14 years of age, also saw him. The Wild Man was making a whistling noise," and a rabbit was so entranced that it sat on its haunches and allowed itself to be caught.

But nobody catches the Wild Man. This is a pity, for the world is still ignorant concerning h's diet, thoughts, economic and political opinions; nor has it definite knowledge concerning the cause of the wildness. Peter, the Wild Boy, who was taken to England in 1726, was carefully studied by men of scientific mind and attainments. When he first went to England he fed much on leaves, particularly of cabbage, which he preferred raw. When Lord Monboddo saw him in 1782 Peter ate flesh, and had likewise acquired a taste for beer and even for spirits, "of which," wrote the noble lord, "he inclines to drink more than he can get." He growled and howled when bad weather was coming on. He ate onions like apples. When he heard music he clapped his hands and threw his head about in a wild, frantic manner. In the house he would put five or six chairs before the fire and sit in each by turn. One more note from Lord Monboddo's painstaking report: "Gin is one of the most powerful means to persuade him to do anything with alacrity; hold up a glass of that liquor and he will not fail to smile and raise his voice."

From Dr. Arbuthnot's description of Peter, as seen at court in 1726, it is evident that Peter led a more blameless life and was a greater influence for good when he was wholly wild. Dr. Cheyne' disciples, "the new sect of herb-eaters," intend to follow him into the fields," wrote Arbuthnot, "as to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world."

Is the Wild Man of the Woods carnivorous, herbivorous, frugivorous, granivorous, graminivorous, nucivorous or omnivorous? Statements of even the most careful observers differ. No one of them speaks with authority. Young Master Smith, it is true, saw the Wild Man catch a rabbit, out there is no proof that he ate it, stewed, roasted, jugged, or raw.

FUN WITH THE DOCTORS

Doctors of medicine have been great sports for the epigrammatists. While the carriage of a prominent Brooklyn was waiting at a door on Bergen street, an undertaker was delivering a coffin to the next house. "Who's dead?" asked a bystander of the doctor's coachman. "Don't know," came the sharp reply. "It's none of our killin'."

Two men were talking of the suicide of a mutual friend. "So Dick died without a doctor, after all?" said one. "Yes," replied the other; "he was afraid of death, and so he killed himself." This incident leads naturally to the couplet of the old Latin poet:

"Can there be greater madness, pray reply,
Than for fear of dying a man should die?"

For the epitaph of a scurvy neighbor, Burns, who was quite happy in this line, wrote:

"Earthed up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble.
Poor silly wretch! he's damned himsel',
To scave the Lord the trouble."

Tom Hood cast epigrams at himself in the face of death. His wife was preparing a large mustard plaster to apply to his shrunken chest. "My dear," said Hood, "that's a terrible lot of mustard for a small piece of beef."

Sir Walter Raleigh expressed himself in a similar mood after he mounted the scaffold. Feeling the edge of the ax, he said, "This is a sharp medicine; but it is a cure for all diseases."

An Italian nobleman, probably beguiled by patent medicine advertisements, left this inscription for his gravestone. "I was well; wanted to be better; took physic, and died."

Charles Knight suggested that "Good Knight" would be sufficient for his memorial tablet.

A brother Scot, who did not sympathize with his peccadillos in life, when asked to suggest an appropriate epitaph for Scotland's poet, said, "His ain name's enough—Robert Burns."

Above the grave of a notorious lazy man in a southern churchyard are the words: "Asleep (as usual)."

But Punch's advice to persons about to marry is the briefest and, a few married men aver, the most forceful and pungent epigram extant: "Don't."

WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Miss Helen M. Bullis has been appointed an immigration inspector in New York for the special purpose of collecting information about the white slave traffic. She was oppointed on the recommendation of Robert Watchorn, immigration commissioner at Ellis island. He says that, despite the scrutiny to which immigrants are subjected, women of non-English speaking races are constantly smuggled in, to be sold as practical slaves, for immoral purposes; and they are so carefully drilled in advance in the stories they are to tell that it is almost impossible for the male inspectors to detect them. The government proposes to make a systematic effort to put a stop to this abominable system. Miss Bullis has been connected with the Travelers' Aid society and has done much philanthropic and sociological work. Mr. Watchorn believes she can furnish the department conclusive proof of the existence of the white slave traffic. This would enable the immigration officials not only to deport women who have been brought unlawfully into this country, but to punish those who are responsible for this sort of immigration.

Sweethearts' Quarrels and Broken Troth

I asked the flowers what is love? Only a fragrant sigh was wafted through the air. Many a summer's day love has been done to death by the merest midget of a misunderstanding.

Beware of the first quarrel. No one likes to eat crow. Of course, having entered into a quarrel it is necessary to be game, for, to come down once means to have to do it again, and it robs the lover or the beloved, in a way, of his or her power. There is nothing so difficult to heal as a breach. Sweethearts' quarrels usually lead to a broken engagement, or the shattering of the fond tie—a disillusioning.

To be in love is to be transformed into a monster of apprehension with

NO ONE LIKES TO EAT CROW.

six pairs of eyes for all the beloved may do, and six pairs of ears for all that she may say; each pair telling its own story to the fears, the prides and the jealousies within. And these having grown into an extreme sensibility, they interpret what they are told with with an amazing predilection for the least delightful meanings.

The loved one is equally alert. Thus misunderstandings are fraught from beyond the remotest bounds of reason. And then the brooding that ensues; the constrained looks, the wintry silences, which are likely to be themselves misunderstood with exaggerated consequences.

Miles of distance intervene between the pair who are only thirty inches apart, according to standard yard measure, and when in this state moments of Arctic frosts are felt amidst the silences, the crisis has come.

If neither the one nor the other will call across that black inter-space, and call with love and tears, a long goodby awaits them; that is what usually occurs. Sometimes it is usually the reverse, for it is not always the first quarrel that severs the tie; the black cloud vanishes like a shadow.

And now the cry, "Oh, my dear, why did you not speak?" A charming reproach but too often unavailing. Quite likely there will be another misunderstanding next week; once having found entrance it is only too easy to quarrel again, for love is not only delicate but a moody passion; unsatisfied with cloudless felicity it must ever have secret doubts to set them off. When joy is daily bread grief becomes a luxury.

Many girls will pick a quarrel with their sweethearts for the delight of making it up. It is very foolish; it is taking great chances, for it too frequently ends in a parting of the ways.

In a moment some word may escape which the utterer would give years of life to recall, knowing to recall is impossible and the wound can never be healed. Who would care to run that risk, however distant it may seem? There is no anguish so desperate as remorse.

The proudly sensitive, so quick to take injury, is as naturally slow to seek reconciliation. Besides, it is quite as impossible to put questions or complaints into words. The bat's cry is so shrill and small that it is inaudible to human ears, even when it squeaks of the sharpest pain.

The anguish which a sweetheart of some two hundred pounds will draw from an accidental word is more exquisite than any mouse can feel; and yet when he thinks of telling it and putting together a few words for the purpose, he finds that the bat's voice would be about the proper medium for his plaint, so dwindled does the offence appear when breathed in the ordinary tarytone of no mean dimensions around the chest. Thus it is a perfect reason for silence, rankle as it may. The end is too often a fond farewell!

Strawberry Shortcake Party

At this season a strawberry shortcake party might prove very attractive and not expensive, for the rooms can be decorated with snowballs and red clover, or some pink and white flowers that will harmonize with the strawberry scheme of color. To ornament the table place in the center a low bowl filled with clovers, etc., and around it arrange a wreath of clovers. Say a little boutonierre of clovers, white or pink, at each guest's plate.

If you have favors get the dainty little strawberry emeries for each of the girls—they do not cost more than five or ten cents—and for the boys provide strawberry pin cushions, or, if you wish to raise a laugh, a shaving case with strawberry shaped cover of pink cardboard. This must be trimmed with green paper hull and green stem to hang by. Fill the center with sheets of shaving paper, pink and white, with pinked edges.

For refreshments serve the old-fashioned strawberry shortcakes, fresh and hot from the oven, with plenty of rich, sweet cream.

If you have plenty of shortcake you will not need much else, though a platter of thinly sliced and juicy boiled pink ham or tongue never goes amiss. Small dishes of radishes, cut to imitate roses, with a tiny bit of the heart, leaves leaves left on, make pretty additions to the coloring of the table.

After the shortcake, which is the most effective, served on the table so that the guest can come back for a second, or even third helping, give vanilla ice cream in cups, with strawberries crowning each portion. Coffee may follow, though with young people a strawberry punch would probably be more acceptable.

If you like quiet games, distribute sheets of paper and pencils, then ask each one to see how many words they can make out of the one word "strawberry" and give a prize to the one who succeeds in getting the largest number. If you have never tried this simple game, you will be surprised to find the number of different combinations that can be arranged.

Gathering Strawberries.

Somewhat livelier is the game "Gathering Strawberries," an adaptation of an old ring game. About the neck of each player is pinned a bib or Japanese napkin. A small stand is placed in the center of the room, the floor about it being protected by a sheet or newspapers.

A flour mould is then brought in and placed in the center of the table. This is prepared beforehand by packing pastry flour closely in a pint or quart bowl with a flaring top. It must be packed hard enough so that, with a little care, it can be turned out entire on a large plate or platter.

On top of the mould is laid a single berry and by the side of the plate is a silver knife.

Now the entire company forms in line, the leader, with knife in hand, cuts with infinite caution a slice from the mould. After cutting the piece, which may be rather generous or the merest sparing, the knife must be handed to the next in line without being laid down on the table, which might jar the strawberry patch. As the work of demolition goes on, the excitement deepens, for whoever is cutting when the berry drops is obliged to "gather" it with his teeth from out the floury mass.

If fortune favors and some one with a budding mustache or luxuriant beard is the carver when the strawberry drops, great is the glee of the onlookers; his appearance as he emerges from the strawberry bed, with eyebrows, nose and lips well covered with flour, being enough to set the staidest person into peals of laughter.

The consolation prize in this case might be a glass of strawberry jam.

Consequences.

This is another old game, but one that makes plenty of fun. To play it give each person a sheet of paper (they must be of uniform size) and instruct that after each word or sentence is written the sheet must be folded over and passed to the next in line.

The company is then told that each must write on the top of his sheet an adjective that might describe some woman; as for example, "the charming" or "the talkative" or "the extravagant," then the top is folded over so as to entirely cover the words and the sheet is passed to the next in line.

The next order is for each one to write some lady's name. This may be some one present or some prominent person who happens to be in the public eye. Then the papers are again folded and passed.

The third instruction is to write an adjective that would describe some man; such as "bold" and "brainy" and "cowardly." Next follows the name of a man, either present or absent. The fifth injunction is to write down some place of meeting—"the subway," "Coney Island" or where you will.

Then "what he said;" next "what she said;" then "what happened;" and finally "what the world said."

As no one knows what any one else has written, the result is frequently quite startling, and again very felicitous.

WHISKERS ARE POPULAR AMONG MEN IN PARIS

It is in Paris that the whisker reaches the highest state of cultivation and development. The luxuriant verdure on the faces of some of the Parisians who strut along the boulevard every day can be compared to nothing but the riot of vegetation in the tropics. Every Parisian has whiskers, much whiskers if he can, but some whiskers, at any rate. He supplements nature's efforts with the best aids of the barber, and trains and nurses his hirsute appurtenances with anxious care.

The Parisians spend hours on their beards and educate them into normal gardens, set pieces, shrubbery, terrace and vista effects. They lay out hair-scapes with them, arrange them in undulating meadows, and twine them on pergolas. There is the long, spade concoction, much sought by men with black beards, which consists of about a foot of hair cut square across the bottom, and adds much glory to the wearer, for the whiskers always shine and glisten in the sun. There are side winders and pointed ones, the heartshaped and the curved, the waved and the plain. A man who can train his whiskers to grow in a new way is as much of a celebrity as a man who writes a good poem or paints a good picture.—Samuel G. Blythe in Everybody's Magazine.

A WONDERFUL MARE.

"Now, wait till I tell you," insisted a man by the counter in the St. Francis. "This horse was part thoroughbred, undersized, too small for the track; picked her up for a song, you might say. Wonderful intelligence. You know the fetlock, that bunch of hair that grows down back of a horse's hoof? Well, Fretful had a most wonderful fetlocks. They grew right down to the ground, like whiskbrooms; had to keep 'em cut flush with the floor, so's she wouldn't step on them.

"Been missing cube sugar from the box in the storehouse, and a boy to watch; thought maybe the Chink was taking a supply to Chinatown. Pretty soon Fretful pokes her nose out of the box stall, pulls out the wooden peg, comes out, begins backing toward storehouse with a funny hula-hula movement. Opened door lifted box cover, ate a lot of lumps, restored everything and began backing back, same wiggling movement.

"Guess what she was doing. Using her fetlocks to brush dust over her tracks and hide 'em."

"Wonderful!" observed Clerk Van Orden.—San Francisco Chronicle.

RED BLOOD AND BLUE.

Three-year-old Allan had a very aristocratic grandma, who prided herself on her own and her husband's blue-blooded ancestry. She told him heroic deeds of them and warned him from ever playing with boys of low degree.

One day Allan came screaming upstairs to his mamma and grandma, holding his hand up covered with blood, where he had cut his little finger. They were both greatly alarmed, as he was a child who rarely cried or complained when hurt. Mamma washed the blood off and, examining the cut, said:

"Why, dear, it's not so very bad. Does it hurt you so much?"

"I'm not cryin' 'cause it hurts," he said, "but 'cause it's only red blood, and grandma said I had blue."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A SMUGGLING STORY.

We often hear the expression "Moonrakers," and few know the curious smuggling story which gave rise to the word. Many years ago smuggling was greatly practiced in Wiltshire, and the excise men had a busy time of it.

On one occasion some smuggled brandy was sunk in a pond until the authorities—who evidently suspected mischief—should be off their guard, and it would be safe to bring it home.

On a certain moonlight night the smugglers, thinking themselves safe, took hay rakes and proceeded to rake the kegs out. They had just warmed to their work when the excise officer appeared on the scene.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"We be trying to rake thick girt cheese out of the water," said one of the rustics, pointing to the reflection of the moon, and he and his mates raked more energetically than ever, says Home Notes.

The excise officer suspected nothing, and laughed good naturedly at the simplicity of these Wiltshire moon-rakers. But the moon-rakers got the kegs of brandy, and when the story got about the laugh was on their side.

A BURNING ISSUE

A wicked writer in the Washington Herald gets off this:

Tariff, tariff, tariff. That word has been before the American people almost from time immemorial. It is still a household word.

This little word has made and unmade statesmen.

Going back to the days of Chauncey Depew's father—and that is some years ago, for Chauncey is now carrying weight for age—this subject of the tariff was much talked about.

It so happened that the father of the Hon. Chauncey was a frugal farmer and a pious man. He never liked to waste any time at a prayer meeting. One night when all the experience had been told and interest flagged and the prayers grew feeble, Brother Depew arose and solemnly said:

"I don't like to see this valuable time wasted; can't some of the brethren tell their experience, or at least pray?"

"No one made any effort to respond, whereupon Brother Depew said:

"Well, my brethren, as the regular exercises seem to halt a little and no one desires to pray or tell his experience, I will improve the time by making a few observations on the tariff."

ADAPTABLE LITERATURE.

The book agent had spent a discouraging morning, and when he had an opportunity to scan the face of Eli Hobb at close range he felt that there was small chance of making a sale. However, he had more than one method of suggestion.

"Sitting out here on the piazza afternoons with your wife, this would be the very book to read aloud," he said, ingratiatingly, to Mr. Hobbs, taking the other rocking chair and opening the large redcovered volume.

"I don't read and I haven't any wife," replied Mr. Hobbs, dryly.

"Dear me!" said the book agent. "Well, if your wife is dead, perhaps there are children. Now, children find this book"—

"There are no children," interrupted Mr. Hobbs. "There's nobody but myself and my cat."

"Well," said the book agent, "don't you ever want a good heavy book to throw at her, just to ease your feelings!"—Youth's Companion.

UP-TO-DATE AMERICAN

One Twentieth Century Type as Revealed in Dialogue.

It was evening in the great west. The golden sun had gone down over the cornfields, and all was silent.

"Maria, what did you do with that Rubens that came today?"

"I hung it up in the art gallery, next to the Rembrandt."

"That's right. How about that new balloon we ordered?"

"We got a wireless to day from the until next week."

"Um! That will give one of them chauffeurs of ours an excuse to be idle. Couldn't get any of them chaps to help with the hay. How is the new French car acting?"

"Fine. But I had to telephone for a new set of tires."

"Did that consignment of government bonds come?"

"Yes."

"And how about that first folio edition of Shakespeare?"

"That's here."

And then the Kansas farmer, removing his evening clothes and putting on his overalls, went out on the estate and locked up for the night.—Thomas L. Masson, in Success Magazine.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S LIFE DRAMATIC

Few lives so lend themselves to dramatic narration as Susan B. Anthony's, says the Delineator. It ranged from tragedy to comedy, with scattered bits of melodrama, she ever in the center of the stage. With her everything was always intensely realistic—not acting.

Miss Anthony had a peculiar faculty of condensing a whole speech into a single sentence. For instance, when she heard men lamenting that the profession of teacher was not respected as much as the other professions: "Do you not see that so long as society says woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, lawyer or minister, but has plenty to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to teach tacitly admits before all Israel and the sun that he has no more brains than a woman"; and when Horace Greeley said to her at Albany: "You know the ballot and bullet

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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The joy of getting up early and going to work is spreading throughout the country.

It will be worth while electing Taft President just to see how Bryan takes a third defeat.

Few people ever get so busy that they can't stop to read about what Aunt Hetty Green is doing.

A hat maker makes the declaration that heads are increasing in size, but we do not know the answer.

A late report says Mrs. Gunness has gone to Texas, which, however, may merely be a polite way of putting it.

We have often wondered if half the things said against Czar Nicholas are true. It is now reported that he writes poetry.

Debs says he wishes the people to understand that he expects to be elected. Now let's hear from Tom Watson.

We wonder if, by this time, Senator La Follette has been able to think of anything he didn't say in his eighteen-hour speech?

We haven't any statistics to prove it, but are willing to hazard the remark that whisky kills more men than rattlesnakes.

If it is true that a woman must now be very slender to be fashionable, we see a great many every day who have gone out of style.

Senator Allison must be thoroughly convinced by this time that the Iowa Republicans are the finest lot of fellows in the country.

One might suppose the report that Aunt Carrie Nation was recently arrested for scolding would frighten many other women.

The Oklahoma legislature has adjourned, and its nine-foot hotel bedsheet law is the most talked of bit of legislation it enacted.

"No friend of mine will vote for me at Chicago," says President Roosevelt. That ought to hold even the original Roosevelt man.

The doctors in session at Chicago want more babies and fewer pet dogs. Let us hope that they are wholly unselfish in their interests.

Evelyn Thaw is to get an allowance of $1,000 a month for sticking to Harry, which is more than she could make behind a ribbon counter.

When the woman suffragists and the women who oppose woman's suffrage get to going right the men can stand off and enjoy themselves.

The Taft boom has been removed to Chicago, where it will be kept in captivity for the next ten days, when it is expected to make a grand flight.

It does not appear, at this writing, that the children of the country will be in any danger of swallowing Fairbanks campaign buttons this year.

One would think that William Jennings Bryan would rather go to the United States senate and talk eighteen hours at a stretch than be president.

Bryan says he has learned not to worry about small things. No, the thing that usually worries him most is the size of the other man's majority.

One Delaware town shipped seventy carloads of strawberries in one day. Will some lover of figures please tell us how large a shortcake seventy carloads would make?

A Boston man has been accepted by a girl to whom he proposed 208 times. We're willing to bet, however, that he didn't get down on his knees every time.

The declaration of the English physician, that the mentality of the two sexes is exactly the same, isn't the kind of reading to which the average man calls his wife's attention.

Two men rocked a boat in Iowa the other day, but they won't do it again. What makes the story worth any reference is that it is rather unusual to find two fools in the same boat.

A New York policeman was tried for cowardice because he ran from a woman with a revolver. Had she gone after him with a hatpin he would have been commended for his discretion.

Down in North Carolina, where a fond mother recently drove her daughter's suitor away at the muzzle of a gun, the young men must begin to think twice before they let their fancy turn to thoughts of love.

The very observing Atchison Globe has discovered that "as a rule, a man who has a mustache he can twist, or whiskers he can stroke, is three times as long in making up his mind as a man who hasn't."

Out in Rockford, Ill., prohibition has put the jail into disuse, but it will be kept until the brewers and liquor interests succeed in convincing the people that intemperance is a good thing for a community.

The duke of the Ambruzzi says he is willing to wait ten years for Miss Elkins. Ten years would seem like a long time to the average lover, unless he should happen to have a note coming due at the end of that time.

MAKING THE LAST STAND.

It is just dawning on the minds of the "Roosevelt boomers" that the President meant what he said four years ago when he declared that he would not be a candidate for re-election and what he has said repeatedly since to the same tenor.

The discussion of the Roosevelt candidacy was honest enough in the beginning. Many Republicans who admire his personality and approve his record were hopeful that a way could be found to overrule his decision. They realized that the work he had begun was not half done and believing he was best qualified to continue the program, urged that the party nominate him in spite of his views and then rely on his patriotism for favorable consideration.

But these men abandoned their plan when they learned that the President had found a candidate who believed in his policies and who possessed the prerequisites to continue those policies. They saw then that Roosevelt could not be swerved from his purpose and thereafter they became loyal aids to his program.

The last honest efforts to keep the Roosevelt scheme brewing showed itself in West Virginia where two delegates, elected under instructions to vote for Taft, announced their intention of bolting and casting their ballots for the President. When news of this reached the White House the President took prompt steps to make his position clear to these men, as he had already made it clear to the country. "No friend of mine," he wrote, "will vote for me at Chicago," and we presume there will be no need for further instructions in that quarter.

But the President cannot deal as summarily with the third-term talk that emanates from his enemies and which is prompted by purely selfish motives. These men know that Roosevelt's heart is set on the nomination of Taft and that if it were pressed on him he would be placed in an embarrassing position. They want to defeat Taft because the President is for Taft. They want to nominate Roosevelt because they believe he would decline the nomination, no matter how it might be tendered. They realize, too, that they cannot accomplish the defeat of Taft except by a stampede for Roosevelt and hence their overanxiety now for party success. Every agency that cunning politics can suggest is being put in motion to convince delegates that loyalty to party is paramount to convention pledge. They are arranging demonstrations of colored men and of organized labor in an effort to prove that Taft will be weak at the polls. They are flooding the mails with matter addressed to the delegates and calculated to arouse a doubt in their minds. They have even tried to make it appear that the great financial interests of the country are pleading for the nomination of Roosevelt as the surest means of removing uncertainty and of restoring confidence. This sounds strange enough, but the argument is that Taft will beat Bryan and the latter's election means chaos; that Roosevelt has done all the damage he can and will henceforth steer a conservative course.

Of course this questionable campaign will fail as it should, because it is based purely on political selfishness. The men who are engineering it see in Taft's nomination their own retirement and they do not hesitate at anything that promises them even a glimmer of salvation. They are playing a desperate game because they are reduced to desperation and they are not so strong in the Republican faith as to become willing sacrifices rather than risk disrupting the party.

THE LESSON OF AN ACCIDENT.

The frightful accident on the Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis railway, wherein eight people lost their lives and many were seriously hurt, carries its lesson. This road, financed by Cleveland capitalists, is one of the finest in the country. It is double-tracked between Washington and Baltimore and constructed throughout of the best material. No finer equipment can be found anywhere, the aim of its owners being to make it the equal of any steam road in the country.

But a perfect roadbed and parlor cars are not guarantees against accident. Some one misunderstood orders, with the result that two cars met in a head-on collision at a point between Baltimore and Annapolis. The consequences could not have been worse on the poorest constructed line, for this road was built with a view to annihilating distance, and the cars were running at high speed.

After all, it is the man at the lever in railroading, just as it is the man behind the gun in war, to whom we must look for success. A steady nerve, a clear eye and intelligence sufficient to interpret and obey orders are the essentials which determine the good motorman and the trustworthy conductor. An inefficient crew or a careless dispatcher can more than offset in a single moment all mechanical safeguards that money can purchase.

LA FOLLETTE'S FILIBUSTER.

No one knows what secret motives inspired Senator La Follette to engage in a filibuster against the currency bill. There was no possibility of his defeating the measure. In a dozen sentences he could have recorded his objections if principle only were involved. Yet he stood for nearly nineteen hours and delivered a harangue interspersed with quotations from former speeches and extracts from financial authors much of which was distantly germane to the subject.

Washington correspondents ascribe his exhibition to various causes. It was even alleged that he was seeking notoriety for the purpose of enhancing his value as a lecturer. He broke all previous records for continuous speaking in a legislative body and people will pay to see a champion. But it is more than likely that La Follette saw an opportunity to haze his Republican colleagues who have practically ostracized him since he became senator. He knew they were in a hurry to adjourn and get home, so he kept them in Washington for two days and compelled them to suffer the torment of his oratory. At the same time he was conscious of being in the limelight and La Follette has a weakness for that sort of thing.

But whatever his purpose, his effort was not without public value. In their eagerness to suppress La Follette, senators gave the rules closer attention than ever before and it is claimed that the interpretations provoked by the incident will prove an effectual barrier to future filibusterers. Indeed Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, declares that La Follette's action "has been productive of the greatest evolution in facilitating legislation since the days of the Fifty-first congress when Speaker Reed announced in the house of representatives that gentlemen in their seats could be seen as well as heard." The rule which prohibits a senator from addressing the body more than twice on the same subject in one day was invoked. The senate decided that the question of no quorum could not be raised until after intervening business had been disposed of if the preceding roll call had disclosed a quorum, and that debate is not intervening business. Moreover the chair held that it was within his province to count a quorum and unnecessary to call the roll if a quorum was actually present. The effect of these decisions is to put a stop to many tricks that have been resorted to in an attempt to obstruct the public business, and in this particular Senator La Follette's spectacular show was of real value.

STEEL TRUST RECONSIDERS.

The action of the United States Steel Corporation in reducing the price of bar iron leads to the hope that the rate on steel billets and other products will shortly sustain a proportionate cut. With lower prices it is believed the market will be greatly stimulated and that many prospective buyers who have been holding back because of depressed conditions, will place their orders.

The revised program is one that appeals to common sense. Holding up prices at a time when stimulation is necessary to encourage business was a poor policy. While the reduction may affect the profits per ton of the steel mills, the aggregate will be increased by the larger business which that reduction invites. The effect is already noticeable in the market and experts in the iron trade anticipate a steadily growing demand. Mills are increasing their output and otherwise preparing for a busy season.

With the rapid depreciation of steel stocks which the reviving market insures, an end will come to the extraordinary quiet that has marked the first half of the year in the shipping world. Lake carriers have done almost nothing in the iron line but the news from the mills encourages them in the belief that the latter half of 1908 will witness a complete recovery.

HOKE SMITH'S SURPRISE.

Georgia has just furnished another exemplification of the fact that noise don't always indicate the result of an election. Governor Hoke Smith stumped the state to secure his renomination. He was greeted by enormous crowds and enthusiasm was intense. The governor is an eloquent speaker and a clever campaigner, and he played the game to the limit.

Shortly after his inauguration, the governor forced "Little Joe" Brown to resign as railroad commissioner, claiming that this official was too close to the corporations to properly perform the public service. Indeed, this had been one of the issues of the campaign.

Well, "Little Joe" didn't wither up and fade away. Instead he went out among the people and gave them heart to heart talks. He isn't a public speaker, but he is strong on the "corner grocery" argument and he can write stuff that convinces. Then when it came time to discuss the governorship, he modestly announced his purpose to enter the lists against Hoke Smith. That distinguished gentleman was amused, and took up the gauntlet in a spirit which seemed to say: "It is a pity, little one, to step on you, but you shouldn't get in the way."

But Joe Brown wasn't there to be trodden under foot. He started early and kept going. He literally canvassed the state with his pen and let the other fellow do the "orating." Naturally, no one knew just how much progress Brown had made, but they could size up the crowds and the enthusiasm Smith drew and the conclusion was that there wouldn't be a grease spot left of "Little Joe."

And then Georgia awakened the morning after the primaries to learn that Hoke had been retired by the voice of the people, uttered in no uncertain tone. Smith's own newspaper, the Atlanta Journal, has not yet recovered from stupefaction. It had made a joke of the campaign because its wisdom told it the campaign was a joke. The idea of "Little Joe" Brown presuming to run against the great Hoke! Preposterous! But now the joke is on Hoke.

HUGHES AND THE BOSSES.

The Albany correspondent of the Boston Transcript says that the political prestige of Governor Hughes is now at low ebb. In his efforts to force favorable action on the anti-race track gambling bill, the governor has incurred the displeasure of the bosses, who are working overtime to create a permanent breach between him and his party.

In vetoing the bill fixing the fare to Coney Island at five cents, Governor Hughes has antagonized all those who believe in striking a blow at corporations whenever the opportunity offers. His attitude, however, is consistent. He says there is an absence of information to show that a five-cent rate is not confiscatory, and unless there is such information, it would be folly to pass legislation that would be held invalid by the courts. He suggests that the authority to inquire into conditions and to fix a reasonable rate is vested in the public utilities commission, and that the matter should be referred to it for settlement. Practically on the same grounds the governor last year vetoed a two-cent fare bill.

What nonpluses the politicians is the governor's utter indifference to public clamor. They have been accustomed to dealing with officeholders whose chief concern was the effect their acts would have on their individual futures, but that question appears not to bother the governor in the slightest. He takes a bill, studies its provisions carefully, and then approves or disapproves it as the facts indicate to him he should do. The office was never run so independently of the politicians or with less reference to political exigencies. It is as if Governor Hughes were oblivious to everything except the public interest. That, to be sure, is the ethical viewpoint, but Hughes is the first governor to give it literal application.

That Hughes will retire at the end of his term is the hope of the politicians, but they are not as sure of this as they would like to be. He demonstrated his strength with the people in his fight for the public utilities bill, and again in the special election in the Niagara-Orleans district, where the leaders in his own party were more than willing for a party defeat as a rebuke to the governor for his meddling with the race track gamblers. Wherever he spoke on both of these propositions he was given an enthusiastic reception, which was followed with results, showing that he can win the voters by the force of his logic.

If he concludes to be a candidate for re-election he will put the Republican bosses in an awful predicament. They are afraid to defeat him in convention, lest it anger the people, and on the other hand, if they nominate him his election is a foregone conclusion and another term of Hughes means their utter discomfiture.

And through all this political upheaval, the governor is calm and imperturbable, paying as little heed to the storm of criticism that his acts have evoked as if it were so many drops of water. It is doubtful if even his intimate friends know what he intends to do; indeed, some of the shrewdest observers in the political world question whether the governor himself has made any plans for the future or reached a conclusion as to the part he will play in the next campaign. And this opinion conforms to the public estimate of the man as one who is deeply interested in the administration problems which come before him, earnestly seeking to do what he believes to be best for the state, utterly oblivious of the consequences to himself.

But when the time comes for Governor Hughes to speak, there will be no hesitancy of voice, no ambiguity of words.

ANALYZING THE CONTESTS.

The New York Sun, which has not had many kind things to say of Secretary Taft, but has persisted in advocating the false notion that all his strength comes from President Roosevelt's support, is fair enough to admit that, in the matter of contests, the secretary occupies a position of advantage.

In analyzing the disputes involving the seats of 229 delegates, constituting 23½ per cent of the convention, the Sun finds that only fifteen, or a trifle more than 1½ per cent, are in states that can be counted on to give their electoral votes to the Republican candidate. There are contests in Missouri involving six votes, in Ohio involving eight votes and in Pennsylvania involving one. All the rest are in states reliably Democratic, if we include Kentucky as an offset to Missouri which cast its lot with the Republican party for the first time four years ago.

The allies concede nearly 360 votes to Secretary Taft outside the contests, a very large majority of the strength from the states to which the Republican party must look for its vote, and their only hope is to take away a sufficient number of delegates from the Democratic states to prevent Mr. Taft's nomination. Fortunately, that hope is very remote from fulfillment.

CAMBRIDGE IS CONTENT.

The cities and towns of Massachusetts use license and local option laws in dealing with the liquor traffic. Where the people want saloons they license them; where they do not want them they vote against license and in favor of local option.

The city of Cambridge, with a population of 100,000, has been without open saloons for more than twenty years. Each time it has voted on the proposition the majority against the saloon has been increased. The town has demonstrated that the business of a great city does not depend on the amount of beer and whisky which its people consume. Mayor Walter V. Wardnen tells how the city has prospered in the past twenty years in the following letter:

We are a city of about 100,000 population, and are now in our twenty-first year of consecutive no-license, by vote of the citizens of this city, under a statute of Massachusetts, which gives the several cities and towns in the state the opportunity of local option on this question. The vote for no-license has increased each year, until we now have an overwhelming majority for no-license, persons of all political beliefs and different religious beliefs joining in this movement for no-license in our city.

From a statement published in 1906 I find that in 1886 the deposits in the banks amounted to $1,205,959.75, and the open accounts numbered 21,215. In 1906 the deposits amounted to $2,997,463.89, which shows an increase over 1886 of $1,791,504.14. The open accounts in 1906 were 47,093, showing an increase in new depositors of about 25,878, about four times as many as in the license times.

We have persons in this city now grown to manhood and womanhood, who have never seen the open saloon, and I have no hesitancy in saying that it is the general opinion of all good citizens that conditions are far better under the no-license conditions than they were formerly.

This tells the story of the people of a big city who have thoroughly tested local option, are satisfied with the experience, are prospering without saloons and have neither desire nor intention of returning to the old regime.

A CURIOUS SITUATION.

There was nothing in the Oregon election to discourage the Republican party. Its ticket was uniformly successful, barring the single exception of United States senator. Owing to the personal popularity of George E. Chamberlin, twice elected governor on the Democratic ticket, he defeated the Republican candidate for senator, although at the same time the people elected a Republican legislature by an overwhelming majority.

This curious situation is presented: Oregon believes in electing United States senators by a direct vote of the people, and in the absence of a constitutional provision, refers the question to the voters as a recommendation to the legislature. In spite of this some of the successful candidates for the legislature were chosen on an anti-pledge platform and therefore may not consider themselves bound by the result of the primary. There is talk, indeed, of a defection from the ranks of the pledged members, but if the Republican leaders are wise, they will discourage any such program. The demand for a direct vote on United States senator is growing more insistent every year. Nearly one-half of the states are on record as favoring the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment, and it is believed the necessary two-thirds will be secured during the next two years. But in several of the states a plan for immediate relief has been adopted, and the people are very earnest about the matter. Should the Republicans of Oregon, by any political chicanery involving broken pledges, defeat the will of the voters expressed at the late election, the victory of this week would be reversed at the first opportunity.

Better the loss of a United States senator for a term than the loss of this prosperous state for a decade.

A GENEROUS ACT.

Republics may be ungrateful, but not so with all municipalities. The other day Robert A. Smith stepped down and out of the office of mayor of St. Paul, a position he had held almost continuously for fifteen years. Mr. Smith is 81 years old and is without means, having lost his money through the failure of a bank.

As he retired from the mayor's office he was handed an envelope containing $11,000 contributed by the business men of the city in appreciation of his service to the city. This was a kind and considerate act on the part of the people of St. Paul, and through his remaining days Mr. Smith is assured of the comforts of life. St. Paul has a great heart, and will be generally commended.

BILL ALLISON'S VICTORY.

For the seventh time William B. Allison will represent Iowa in the United States senate. His defeat of Governor Cummins by a plurality ranging from 10,000 to 12,000, at the Republican primary, marked the end of one of the most bitter party struggles in the history of the state. Governor Cummins was put forward by the so-called progressive element of the party, which designated the Allison wing as the "stand pat," or reactionary faction. It is true the senator has always been classed as a conservative, but in contradistinction to radical rather than progressive. In the matter of the tariff, for example, he is on record as favoring a revision in harmony with the majority opinion of his party.

William B. Allison will be 80 years of age on March 2 next, and is, therefore, one of the oldest of American statesmen. He was born in Ohio, but began his long and distinguished political career as a resident of Iowa. As chairman of the senate committee on finance he has rendered his party and the nation faithful service. Three Presidents—Garfield, Harrison and McKinley, sought to place Senator Allison in charge of the treasury portfolio, but he declined all three offers, preferring to remain in congress.

STARVING SCHOOL CHILDREN.

It is no credit to the authorities of New York that they have just discovered why many of the pupils in the East Side schools have shown only a languid interest in their studies; it is some credit that, having learned the truth, they are taking vigorous measures to correct conditions.

The story of the sufferings in these schools sounds strange to civilized communities. That boys and girls of tender years have been attending school all winter, thin and emaciated for lack of food, some of them actually starving, denotes a negligence almost akin to criminality. It is little wonder that these children have faltered in their studies and have manifested a stupidity almost as great as that of the teachers who either didn't try, or were unable, to fathom the mystery.

We are told that kitchens will be promptly equipped and that every child, whose parents are too poor to properly feed it, will be taken care of. The municipality of New York owes that much to its people. Every community is charged with the same responsibility. Call it socialism, or what you may, it is humanity and economy. Starve the child in either body or mind and nine chances out of ten you will make a criminal of him. And the first essential is to preserve the health. The revelation in New York was not needed to teach us that the starved body means a muddled and sluggish brain.

Other cities, warned by the discovery in New York, should take hereafter more thought of the little ones. Conditions are worse than usual, because of the depression in business and the fact that many laborers are thus thrown out of work, but there are cases of child destitution the year around and the authorities should be ever vigilant to mitigate suffering of this character wherever possible. Race suicide is more respectable than child murder by neglect and starvation.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

The first session of the sixtieth congress, which came to a close Saturday night, was productive of very little that entitles it to distinction. Its record of things done is not more noteworthy than its record of things left undone. In one respect only, it made a record, and that was in the matter of appropriations, the total footing up over a billion dollars, more than was ever before appropriated in a single session.

When congress assembled in December, the President made many recommendations, chief of which was an emergency currency law, a modification of the injunction law, an amendment to the Sherman anti-trust law, and an enlargement of the Interstate Commerce Commission's authority over rates. Under pressure, a currency bill was passed, but all efforts to secure favorable action on the other propositions came to naught. There was strong opposition to any amendment of the injunction law, and the disagreement among labor leaders as to the degree of immunity that should be allowed them by an amendment to the Sherman anti-trust law, gave the national legislators an excuse for inaction.

One of the most important laws enacted was the bill introduced by Senator Dick, which makes the national guard an auxiliary to the regular army, to be maintained at government expense and to be subject to call. Under the terms of this law, a force of nearly 100,000 men is added to the available military strength of the government. The liberal appropriation which the bill carries will enable the officers to raise the standard of efficiency in the national guard, properly equip it with modern guns and give the members the benefit of drills and maneuvers.

The navy received recognition in the shape of appropriations for two battleships and increased pay for officers and men.

Considering the public demand for tariff revision, congress was remarkably silent, contenting itself with the appointment of a commission to investigate the question, but every effort made to bring the tariff up for consideration was frowned down as was evidenced by the almost hysterical suppression of the proposition to place wood pulp on the free list.

Real progress was made in our foreign relations by the ratification of arbitration treaties with nearly every nation of importance, including Japan. These treaties provide for the reference of all disputes except those involving national honor to a board of arbitration, and in the opinion of Secretary Root will go a long way toward preserving friendly relations with the outside world.

Considering the fact that the session preceded a national election, the results will compare very favorably with previous sessions carrying the same handicap. Naturally the members played politics. There were a good many topics for legislation recommended by the President which it was considered wise to dodge, and this was made easier for those who really call themselves administration men by the obstructive attitude of others who make no secret of their opposition to the President. This is true, especially of the labor, anti-trust and tariff questions. Probably the one thing that members will be called upon to defend more than another, will be the charge that the session just closed was the most extravagant, in the matter of appropriations, but then this is a growing country and what should one expect?

TALKING PLATFORM.

Senator Long, who has been very busy discussing Republican policies with the President, Secretary Taft, Congressman Burton, Wade Ellis, Frank Hitchcock and others, objects to the statement that the White House conferees are drafting a platform for the party. That duty, he says, must and will be performed by the committee duly selected by the national convention.

But there is nothing to hinder any Republican making a recommendation for the committee's consideration. And when several Republicans, interested in the candidacy of the man who it is expected must stand on the platform which the convention will adopt, get together and combine ideas the result should and is intended to have great weight with the gentlemen selected to draft the important document.

It is satisfactory to learn, through information dropped now and then, that the Taft leaders who are actively interesting themselves in platform matters are practically a unit in favor of an unequivocal declaration for tariff revision. That the party must come out squarely for this policy, in order to make an effective campaign, is apparent to everyone who knows the drift of public sentiment. There has been a radical change, in this respect, among members of congress. Several senators and many representatives who have prided themselves heretofore on their adherence to the stand-pat principle, have heard from home and reformed. There is talk of a determined opposition on the part of the reactionaries if an effort is made to declare for immediate revision, but we do not believe that they can muster enough strength to defeat the proposition. It is not recorded that Republican conventions turn a deaf ear to the will of the people, and there is no room for doubt as to where the people stand on this question.

Platform making or plank suggesting, whichever you want to call it, must be an interesting political diversion. There are so many matters of expediency to consider, so many opinions to reconcile, so broad a range of topics to embrace, that the man who undertakes the job must pause at times in bewilderment and wonder if it is possible to complete the job in a manner half satisfactory. And even after the frame has been erected, there is the choice of words to consider, lest ambiguity may creep in where you don't want it, or be omitted where ambiguity is necessary to meet a delicate situation.

"FUDGE-EATING MOLLYCODDLES"

Billy Sunday, who gave up baseball to become an evangelist, has shocked Pittsburg ministers by plain speaking. Billy obviously believes that a club has its uses in the pulpit as well as on the diamond, for he verbally belabored the gentlemen of the cloth, even, as in the good old days, he swatted the ball with his trusty bat.

Mr. Sunday's complaint is that too few ministers have their hearts in their work. They think too much of their ease and their salaries. "Fudge-eating mollycoddles," he calls them and he declares they are better fitted to carry a hod than to preach the gospel.

Possibly Mr. Sunday delivered a philippic that he thought fitted the surroundings. What he says may be true of some ministers although it is hard to believe that any considerable number can be found in any community. But if he were a bit more keen in his observation, he would discover that ministers as a rule are as earnest and as painstaking in their work as the average man in his work. Nor, generally speaking, are they concerned for the material things of life. Occasionally we hear of one who abandons the pulpit because it doesn't pay, but on the other hand, there are thousands of educated and energetic men in the ministry working on meager salaries, who could go out into the world and gain wealth with one-half the effort. Only recently the pastor of a church in a Boston suburb declined to accept an increase in salary, voluntarily tendered, because, as he said, he could live comfortably on what he was getting. This man is not a "fudge-eating mollycoddle," but an earnest Christian in love with his work. His case is isolated because his views are extreme and his needs few. If he had a large family to support, he would be accused of eccentricity, if nothing worse, but he was perfectly sincere and his congregation understood him.

Wholesale denunciation of any class of people is almost always unjust, but Mr. Sunday's failure to discriminate is both unjust and unfortunate because he is likely to be taken too literally. If Mr. Sunday had confined his excoriation to the few ministers who are unfitted, by worldly temperaments, for the pulpit, no exception could have been taken to his remarks. But the athletic Christian is apt to be over-strenuous in his speech.

NO MORE PRESIDING ELDERS.

The old Methodist circuit rider is only a memory and now the presiding elder is no more. One of the last acts of the general conference at Baltimore was to adopt the minority report of the committee on revision, recommending that the time-honored title "presiding elder" be abolished and the name changed to "district superintendent."

This does away with a term almost as familiar as Methodism itself, and proves that this great church is not made up of standpatters and is not willing to let well enough alone, but is progressive in church as well as secular affairs.

ECHO OF THE "COTTON LEAK."

The indictment of Theodore S. Price, the "cotton king," on the charge of conspiring to defraud the government, is an echo of the "cotton leak" of 1905. It was charged that a government employe, Edwin S. Holmes, prematurely gave out information concerning the cotton report, and was paid for so doing; that through this information Price and others in the alleged conspiracy were enabled to reap large profits.

Holmes was indicted and tried in 1905, but the jury disagreed. Whether the government has secured additional information, thereby strengthening its case, is not known, but it was necessary to act at this time if the government desired to prosecute the matter further, as the charges would have been outlawed in a few days.

Mr. Price claims that the prosecution is inspired by his enemies in the cotton exchange, and says he has no fear of the result. For years he has been a dominant figure in the cotton world and has gained a reputation as much from his intelligent method of exploiting cotton as from his success in handling the staple. The "cotton leak" caused a great sensation in government circles and resulted in a reformation of the bureau of statistics, with a view to minimizing the danger of a leak. Obviously the information gathered by the government at great expense concerning crop conditions would be invaluable to the speculator who could obtain it several hours before it was ready for publication, and this fact constitutes a temptation that is to be guarded against in every way possible.

OHIO'S GOVERNOR.

Throughout her century and more of statehood Ohio has never had a more efficient and capable man in the governor's chair than she now has in the person of Andrew L. Harris, and the governors of Ohio will take front rank with the chief executives of any and all other commonwealths.

Governor Harris is an unassuming man. He is void of frills and claptrap. The duties of his office are executed without brass band accompaniment. He learned to do his duty while a soldier in the war of the rebellion and he has done it ever since. Today he is Ohio's greatest commoner. There is no red tape about his office. Any man who wants to see Andrew L. Harris can do so.

His thorough knowledge of state affairs is the wonder of all who know him. He seems to understand every problem of state which comes before him. Men and measures are treated by the standard of right and wrong. There is little political expediency about Governor Harris. With him it is not a question of what effect this or that action of his may have on his political future, but what is right and what is wrong.

Last winter a brewer, a personal friend of the governor, called to urge him to veto the Rose option law. "Andy," said the brewer, "I hope you will not sign the bill. I do not want you to do anything which will hurt you in this year's campaign, and if you make a law of that measure you will lose many votes."

"Peter," said the governor, "I am not thinking what effect my signature to the Rose bill will have in the future. I am not here to act for myself but for all the people of Ohio. I believe these people want and should have the privilege of deciding for themselves whether or not they will have saloons in their counties, and I am in favor of the bill, let the cosequences to myself be what they may."

That is an index to his character. His every act is guided, not by policy but by right. The governor of Ohio cannot please every person. He will do things which some will condemn and others commend. No man can say Governor Harris is not honest and sincere. No man can say the governor is controlled by this faction or that interest. Some of his appointments may be criticised, but what governor has made scores of appointments without an error or more, and would these critics have done any better had they the appointing power?

The only organized effort against Governor Harris is now being made by the liquor dealers. The institution of so-called personal liberty leagues is aimed at Mr. Harris and those candidates for the legislature who believe in regulation and local option. These leagues will become active during the campaign and will be backed by the thousands of dollars of the brewers.

Three years ago thousands of Republicans voted for John M. Pattison, the Democratic candidate for governor. This year thousands of Democrats will vote for Andrew L. Harris, the Republican candidate, because he measures up to the full standard of a capable and courageous official and represents the highest type of American citizenship.

One doctor explains that an operation for appendicitis is quick and painless. But how about the bill, doctor? That usually hurts, doesn't it?

"A Newark physician says he knows a system by which a man can live a thousand years." If he really does he should keep it to himself.

Mulai Hafid has stolen the wives of his opponents. Now that sort of thing might make some men fight, while others would try to take it philosophically.

VARIETIES

Big balloon "Chicago" sails 800 m... in twelve hours and lands near C... Lake, S. D.

Official announcement is made of ... issuance of $50,000,000 of Union Pa... bonds.

American Car company reduces ... dividend on its common stock to ... cent yearly.

Theodore P. Shonts warmly defe... the memory of his late son-in-law ... Duke de Chaulnes.

The movement to increase fr... rates 10 per cent in western terri... fails to progress rapidly.

Tinsmiths in New Zealand are am... the best paid mechanics. They re... £2 10s a week.

Cancer no longer incurable is ... announcement made at the conve... of the American Medical associati...

Children in East Side schools in ... York found to be suffering from ... ger and means are taken to pro... relief.

Drain of law suit with Hearst is ... great as to exhaust Mayor McCle... salary receipts and about $75,000 in ... dition.

Johannesburg's new telephone ... change will serve 24,000 lines. Th... are now about 6,500 entering the bu... ing.

Paying teller of New York bank ... ing discovery of $9,000 shortage ... evitable, goes into cellar, writes ... fession and shoots himself dead.

London food inspectors have fo... as much as 154 grains of boracic ... in a single pound of meat impo... from America.

According to statistics quoted ... Congressman Cooper, the fatality ... Pennsylvania's mines rose from 69... 1898 to 1,514 in 1908.

President Roosevelt by good ho... manship saves himself from seriou... jury when an unbroken animal ... and falls with him into a creek.

Governor John A. Johnson, of M... neapolis, in an address before the gr... uates of Armour Institute, appears ... an optimist and a nation's champi...

Governor Chamberlain, Democrat, ... ries Oregon for United States senato... 1,000 majority, but the Republican le... ture may refuse to elect him.

The population of the world is now ... mated to be about 1,503,000,000. Of ... number 150,000,000 are black, 600,000,00... low and 750,000,000 white.

The campaign against rats at the ... don and India docks, Tilbury, has ... ready resulted, dock officials estimat... the destruction of nearly 20,000 rode...

William E. Curtis says extent of pe... in the South is much exaggerated by ... cial agents of the government, and ... most of the charges have been base... hearsay or false evidence.

British Socialists denounced pro... visit of king to czar as approval of R... sian horrors and Foreign Secretary G... in reply, declares he will stand or fa... policy on which peace of world depe...

There are indications that cooki... will be introduced in the common sch... of Berlin in the lowest classes and ... the point where the girls begin to ge... struction in domestic science.

Stiffening of the brain, a rare dise... was given at the inquest as one of ... causes of death of a boy 17 months ... on whom an operation was performed ... St. Thomas' hospital, London.

The smoke from the bowl of one's ... is blue because, coming direct from ... red hot tobacco, it is very highly oxi... but the smoke from one's lips is gray ... cause it is highly watered and ... carbonized.

A mill at Great Barrington, Mass., ... shut down in a most unusual manne... few weeks ago, when water backed ... ing into the space around the engine ... push button, produced a short circuit ... the consequent stoppage.

The Brooklyn bridge was opened ... traffic May 24, 1883. It has afforded ... sage to more than the world's popula... in 25 years, and expert engineers ... just declared it as serviceable as ... first day of usefulness.

Massachusetts has a town of 60... habitants which receives $2,750 annu... from a single hotel for license to ... liquor. This is believed to be the hig... license fee paid in the United States. ... fee is nearly double the amount pa... Boston, New York and other large cities.

That great and prolific English pa... J. M. W. Turner, bequeathed to the ... ish nation when he died, in 1851, pic... of his own the value of which was ... 1902 estimated at $5,000,000. These pic... consisted of 362 oil paintings, 135 fini... water colors, and over 20,000 studies ... sketches.

F. W. Fitzpatrick, consulting ar... tect of the International Society ... Building Commissioners, says the ... loss in the United States every ye... $100,000,000 greater than the am... spent in new construction. In tak... timate is included the money paid ... nually for insurance and the cost ... fighting fire.

Obsolete ships of the British n... were sold at Sheerness dockyard ... cently for prices varying from £1... for the battleship Devastation, bu... 1871 at a cost of £430,746, to the ... gunboat built in the same year ... cost of £11,712. A wooden line of ... tle ship built at Bombay in ... fetched £5,573, and a hulk of ... £1,800.

"The best cure I know of for a h... ache is to wash your face," sa... brightlooking man. "Yes, I believ... suddenly cleanse your face with ... water will open up the pores and ... ably start the blood in circulation. ... I know it will relieve you of a h... ache in a jiffy. I have tried it m... a great many times and have alw... been successful."

M. Radovitch, former prime mi... of Montenegro, has been summo... from Paris to take his trial at Cet... on a charge of high treason. He is ... plicated in a charge brought by ... present government against the ... tional party of being concerned in ... anarchist plot against the life ... Prince Nicholas and the members ... the reigning family.

New York has set apart $500,0... purchase athletic fields for its ... schools, and has just opened the ... on Staten Island for the Curtis ... school, named after George W. ... Curtis. New York expects to pu... every city high school with its ... and every elementary school and ... high school building in Greater ... York now has its roof built to the ... exercise.

Both British houses of Parli... have voted unanimously the erecti... a memorial to the late premier, Sir ... Campbell-Bannerman, in Westmi... Abbey. As the abbey is becom... overcrowded Lord Lansdowne pro... ed in the Lords against giving ... space in it unnecessarily. The d... expresses the opinion that "the ab... ought to be reserved for those ... national services are independent ... party and of merely political ag... elation."

Experiments conducted by dock ... cials in London prove that a rat ... sumes daily a half penny's worth ... food. One of the officials who has ... superintending the operations at ... docks says that from the reports ... has received from various towns ... villages he estimates that the rat ... England number at least 20,000,... "At a half penny a day the rats' ... food bill, therefore, amounts to ... £40,000. Yearly, on a similar estim... some £15,000,000.

The labor laws in France for the ... tection of women and children only ... tend at present to those employed ... industrial as distinct from commer... establishments. Thus, when a child ... seen in the streets carrying too ... a load a prosecution follows if ... employed by an industrial concern, ... nothing is done if it belongs to a ... mercial house. The minister of ... M. Viviani, has introduced a bill to ... move this illogical distinction.

Some of the old laws of Nepal ha... were curious. Killing cows ... with murder as a capital offense ... instance. Every girl at birth was ... ried with great ceremony to a ... fruit, which was then cast into a ... stream. As the fate of the fruit ... uncertain the girl was supposed ... to become a widow. To obtain ... from a husband, a wife must ... place a betel nut under his pillow ... depart. In Nepal the day is consi... to begin when it is light enough ... count the tiles on the roof or di... guish the hairs on a man's ... against the sky.

During the last ten years $50,0... has been expended on hotels in ... York city, and they are already ... most advanced, convenient, luxu... and expensive ever conceived. ... Waldorf-Astoria is assessed for ... tion at $12,160,000, the new Plaza ... $7,600,000, the Astor at $5,000,000, ... Belmont at $3,875,000, the Manha... at $3,200,000, the St. Regis at $2,... the Knickerbocker at $2,000,000, ... Gotham at $1,250,000, and in addi... to these there are fifty-two ... hotels of similar valuation on the ... sessors' books, which, of course, ... resents not more than 50 or 60 per ... of the actual investment.

KILLED ON WARSHIP

Fatal Explosion Occurs in Engine Room of Tennessee.

Cause of the Accident to Be Probed by Board of Investigation.

U. S. NAVY TRAGEDIES.

Following are the serious accidents which have happened in recent years in the United States Navy:

Battleship Kearsarge, February 8, 1902. Powder explosion; 5 killed.

Battleship Massachusetts, January 16, 1903. Gun explosion; 9 killed and 4 injured.

Battleship Iowa, April 9, 1903. Gun explosion; 3 killed; 5 injured.

Cruiser Olympia, September 13, 1904. Alcohol explosion; 2 killed and 6 injured.

Battleship Missouri, April 18, 1904. Powder explosion; 33 killed and 5 injured.

Battleship Massachusetts, December 15, 1904. Powder explosion; 3 killed and 4 injured.

Gunboat Bennington, July 21, 1905. Boiler explosion; 60 killed.

Battleship Kearsarge, April 13, 1906. Powder explosion; 6 killed and 1 injured.

Battleship Minnesota, June 10, 1907; 11 men drowned in the harbor near Norfolk, Va.

Battleship Georgia, July 15, 1907. Powder explosion; 6 killed and 16 injured.

San Pedro, Cal., June 6.—A terrible accident occurred on board the U. S. armored cruiser Tennessee at 11:08 o'clock yesterday while the ship was steaming at 19 knots on a speed trial off Point Huenene, Cal., a steam pipe in the starboard engine room bursting under 235 pounds pressure, killing four men and injuring ten others, all the men in the compartment at the time. Two of these will die.

The explosion, the cause of which is unknown, occurred only a few minutes after Admiral Uriel Sebree, Captain F. B. Howard and Chief Engineer Robertson had left the engine room on a tour of inspection.

The Dead.

George Wood, water tender, Scranton, Pa.

S. C. Boggs, second-class fireman, Woodlawn, Ala.

A. Reinhold, machinist's mate, second class, Germany.

George W. Meek, first-class fireman, Skidmore, Kas.

Probably Fatally Injured.

S. S. Temattis, first-class fireman, Norfolk, Va.

F. S. Maxfield, second-class fireman, Toughkena, Chester county, Pa.; died of injuries.

Seriously Injured.

E. J. Burns, coal passer, New York.

Walter S. Burns, coal passer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. P. A. Carroll, second-class fireman, Hartford, Conn.

Slightly Injured.

R. W. Watson, fireman, second class, East St. Louis, Ill.

R. E. Rutledge, coal passer, Athens, Pa.

G. M. Corns, fireman, second class, Ironton, O.

A. Hayes, water tender, Brooklyn, N. Y.

H. Fitzpatrick, fireman, first class, Brooklyn, N. Y.

There were fourteen men in the fire room when the tube, which is four inches in diameter and inclosed with water inside the boiler, blew out, driving a torrent of scalding steam, coal dust, cinders and hot ashes through the ash pit, and showered the half naked men.

Blast of Steam.

A blast of white steam from the ventilators told those on deck of the accident and Lieutenant Commander S. S. Robinson, the navigator, instantly sounded a general alarm and dropped twenty lines of hose ready for instant use in case of fire. Within the doomed fireroom, No. 3, amidships on the starboard side, which is one of the sixteen enclosed fire compartments, the surviving seamen were fighting for life. Reinhold and Meek were stricken dead at their posts. Boggs and Wood crawled into the adjoining fireroom, No. 11, and died almost immediately. The surviving seamen, all of whom suffered some injuries, acted with the greatest heroism in aiding their unfortunate mates.

Rear Admiral Sebree himself escaped death or serious injury in the fated firepit by a narrow margin. He had left the room when the explosion occurred not 50 seconds before the fatal blast.

The ship was undergoing inspection by the commander of the second division and had been under way for over two hours, the engines, boilers and all machinery working perfectly and fully equal to the acceptance trial.

Will Investigate.

Washington, June 6.—The cause of the accident on the armored cruiser Tennessee, in which four men were killed and a number injured by the bursting of a steam pipe while the vessel was off the California coast, will be thoroughly examined into by a board of investigation or board of inquiry to be appointed by Admiral Sebree.

SHERIFF SHOT AND KILLED

Negroes and Officers Engage in Fatal Fight.

Oklahoma City, Okla., June 6.—Sheriff George W. Garrison, of Oklahoma City, was shot and killed, a deputy was wounded and a negro was shot in a fight east of Hitchcock last night.

Seven negroes opened fire on the sheriff when he attempted to arrest Alfred Hunter, alias James Kingsbury, who killed Susie Pride in Oklahoma City on May 19. Fifty men have gone in pursuit of the negroes who escaped.

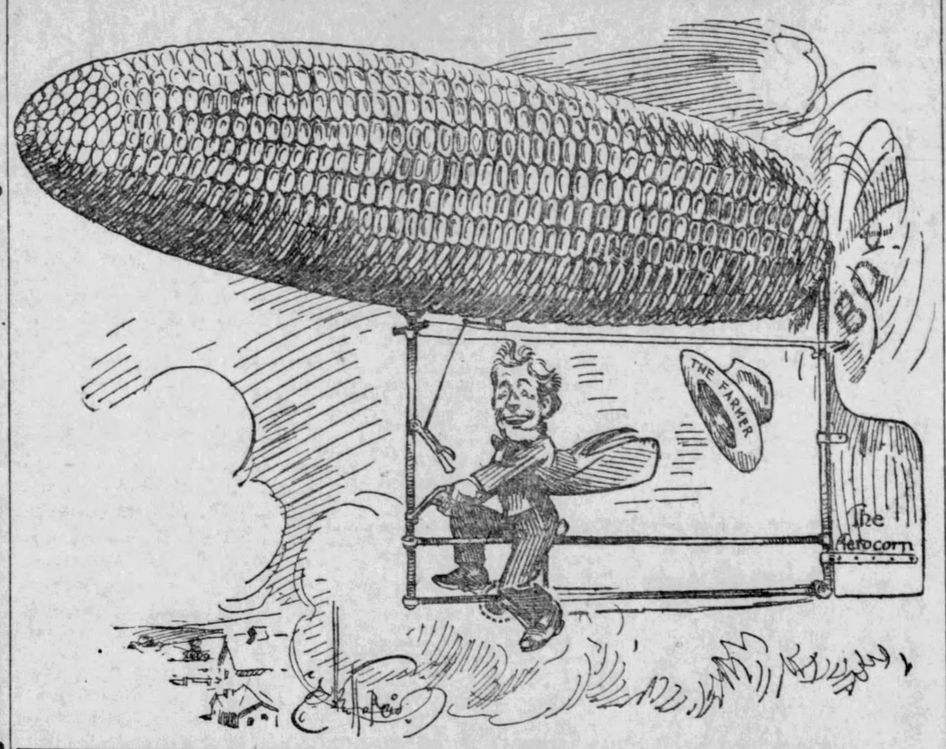
Utilizing Excess of Electricity —Remedies in Every Market

What electricity can do for us we have not as yet more than half discovered, but it seems from recent experiments that we are all potential electric batteries, and by judicious use of our own electromotive force we can keep our nerves in order and largely help to cure our own physical defects. It has also been found that all fresh fruits and vegetables are storage batteries of electricity, so that those who understand these things can find pleasant remedies for nervous complaints by walking through any market. No doubt this largely explains why oranges prove so beneficial, while it brings the apple-a-day theory within the range of a lay understanding.

Generally, it is found that headaches and other ills are due to deficiency of electricity in the parts affected. The main object to find out where one has excess of electricity, and by means of a battery, transfer some of this to less well-supplied areas.

If only, therefore, when Monsieur is in one of his bad tempers, or when Madame is seized with one of her attacks of nerves, it were possible to ply them with enough oranges or give them a dose of electricity from some portion of their well-cared-for bodies where there was a good current of it, peace and placidity might be restored in the twinkling of an eye. The nurses' method of conveying electric shocks, when their small charges show signs of "nerves," is primitive, but no doubt there is something in it.

THE LATEST IN FLYERS



ROOSEVELT WILL HUNT

To Go Abroad Next April, It Is Announced.

President's Desire to Bring Back Specimens of Various Dark Continent Species.

Washington, June 5.—Important significance in connection with President Roosevelt's determination against a third term is contained in the admission made today for the first time that the President is making definite arrangements to leave the United States in April next year for Africa, where he will spend a year hunting big game.

Rumors that Roosevelt was to leave the country at the conclusion of his term of office have been printed heretofore, but when a confirmation was sought at the White House, the answer has been that no definite conclusion had been reached as to the President's plans.

But today it was stated positively that Mr. Roosevelt, with his son Kermit, would sail from New York for Cairo in April, 1909, just as soon as the necessary arrangements for the departure can be made after the 4th of March.

It is the desire of the President to bring back at the end of the year in the wilds of Africa specimens of every species of big game to be had on the dark continent. He will visit no other country, it is stated.

The outfit for the expedition will be obtained on reaching Africa, but an active correspondence in this connection already is under way. The exact size of the hunting party—number of guides and retainers, animals, etc.—has not been determined. The President, however, will take with him an assortment of arms which he will require in variety of hunting contemplated. This outfit will include, of course, guns of the highest power.

During the absence of Mr. Roosevelt in Africa, Mrs. Roosevelt and other members of the family will remain at the family home at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay.

WILL REPRESENT SEC. TAFT

Hitchcock Goes to Chicago to Attend Contest Hearings.

Washington, June 3.—Frank H. Hitchcock, who has been in charge of the Washington bureau of the Taft forces since February last, left yesterday for Chicago, where he will represent Secretary Taft at the hearing of the contested seat cases before the Republican national committee.

Taft headquarters in Chicago, however, will not be opened until a few days before the convention meets. Mr. Hitchcock was accompanied by his secretary.

SHIP CHINESE IN BOX CAR

Sixteen Were Being Smuggled Into the U. S.

San Francisco, June 5.—When a sealed box car, which apparently had come intact from Galveston, was opened in the Southern Pacific yards yesterday, sixteen Chinese were found squatted on a half load of steel. The car was ten days on the road and had been in the yards for 48 hours. The Chinese had but little water and a few crackers left, and were weak and hungry.

One of the men showed a certificate of admission to this country, but the others were turned over to immigration officers. It is supposed that the men were smuggled across the Mexican boundary and placed in the car at El Paso, the seal of the car being replaced later. There evidently was an arrangement for their release here, but in some way it miscarried.

MAJOR DREYFUS IS SHOT IN THE HAND

His Assailant Fires Two S hots, but One Misses Its Mark.

Paris, June 4.—At the conclusion of the ceremony this morning in connection with the placing of the remains of M. Emile Zola in the Pantheon and while the procession was emerging from the portico to witness the defile of the troops, a member of the staff of the France Militaire who gave his name as Gregori, fired two shots at Major Alfred Dreyfus.

The latter however, was only struck once, in the hand. His assailant was arrested. Dreyfus' injury is only a slight one.

La France Militaire is a journal devoted to military progress.

Gregori's act undoubtedly was inspired by the campaign which reactionary papers are carrying on against Dreyfus as an "insulter of the army" and "a traducer of his country." Further, the Catholic Faith, a paper to which Gregori was also attached, was a supporter of General Boulanger and violently opposed to Dreyfus.

PROSPERITY RUMORS

Steel Corporation Said to Have Big Order in Sight.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 3.—It is said here today that the United States Steel Corporation is negotiating with the Russian government for one of the largest steel rail contracts ever made. According to reports the steel company will provide rails for relaying practically the entire track of the Siberian railway, and that probably more than 1,000,000 tons of 80 and 85-pound rails will be required for the purpose. The value of such a contract would be about $25,000,000.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

Wants to Be an American Citizen by Law.

New York, June 5.—Judge Ten Eyck and the officers of the court of common pleas of Essex county, N. J., are puzzled over the status of the application for citizenship made by Mme. Schumann-Heink, the opera singer,

which is on the calendar for a hearing for the issuance of final papers on June 16.

It may be that the court will refuse to grant the papers. If so, it will be solely because the singer has married Mr. Rapp, who was born in Chicago, and by her marriage has become an American citizen, rendering any further action unnecessary.

There is said to be no precedent in New Jersey procedure available to Judge Ten Eyck, and that if the application is denied it will be denied without prejudice.

LATEST FORAKER TRICK

Threat to Start a New National Political Party,

Chicago, Ills., June 6.—If the Republican National committee carries out the policy that it did yesterday, when it seated the Alabama and Arkansas delegates in all of the contests, Senator Joseph B. Foraker will be called upon either to accept or refuse a presidential nomination of a new national political party. It will be launched by the Constitutional League and the American Negro Political League. The members of these organizations declare they will not be able to support Secretary Taft if their delegates are not seated in the Republican national convention and yet they cannot vote the Democratic ticket.

Senator Foraker is their first choice for presidential candidate, but if they cannot induce him to make the run some other prominent white Republican will be nominated. It will not be an exclusively colored man's party, as the movement will be supported by the Constitutional League which is officered and supported by some of the wealthiest white Republicans in the country.

Although the name of the new party has not been selected it will probably be known as the "Lincoln Republican party."

ENGLAND'S RULERS ON TRIP

King Edward and Queen Go to Visit the Czar.

London, June 6.—King Edward, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria started for Reval, Russia, last night for a visit to the emperor of Russia.

A large suite accompanied the royal party, including Sir Charles Hardinge, permanent under-secretary of the foreign office; Sir Arthur Nicholson, British ambassador to St. Petersburg; Admiral Fisher and Lieut. Gen. Sir John French.

The party reached Port Victoria at 11 o'clock last night and boarded the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which sailed at 4 o'clock this morning.

BRYAN'S DAUGHTER ELECTED DELEGATE.

Denver, June 5.—Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, daughter of William Jennings Bryan, was yesterday named as delegate at large to the state Democratic convention, to be held at Glenwood Springs, June 15. Mrs. Leavitt heads the delegation from Denver county.

Mrs. Leavitt was named by the Denver county convention, which, while it indorsed the candidacy of her father for the presidency, did not instruct for him. She was not at the convention, being at present at her father's home in Lincoln, and did not know her name was to be presented. This move may result in her going to the Democratic national convention as a delegate to cast a vote for her father.

BATTLESHIPS START HOME

Maine and Alabama Go in Advance of Big Fleet.

San Francisco, June 8.—Leaving the other warships of the Atlantic fleet to follow a month later, the battleships Maine and Alabama, designated as a special service squadron, sailed from this port this morning on the long voyage to Hampton Roads by way of Honolulu, Manila, Aden and the Suez canal.

Captain Giles E. Harber, of the Maine, will be in command of the special squadron, and on the first leg of the cruise home he will have Secretary of the Interior Garfield as a guest and a passenger. Secretary Garfield arrived from Washington today. He goes to Honolulu to study the labor question.

EMPEROR RECEIVES TOWER

Retiring Ambassador Pays Farewell Visit to Kaiser.

Potsdam, June 8.—Charlemagne Tower, the retiring ambassador to Germany, was received by Emperor William in farewell audience at the palace here today. Mr. and Mrs. Tower, accompanied by Herr Von Schoen, the imperial secretary for foreign affairs, came out to Potsdam on a special train placed at their disposal by the railway administration.

TAFT GAINS IN VOTES

First Two Contests Decided in Favor of Ohioan.

Ellis Has Finished First Draft of Platform—Tells of Washington Conference.

Chicago, June 6.—The Republican national committee commenced its deliberations today with a much smaller attendance of outsiders and a far less apparent interest in the proceedings than was manifested yesterday.

The first contest to be taken up was that of the delegates-at-large from Florida, and this was followed by the hearing of the evidence in the contests in the Second and Third Florida districts. National Committeeman Coombs, of Florida, headed the Taft delegation, and was assisted by Judge Joseph E. Lee, a colored man of Jacksonville, the opening argument for the Taft people being made by M. B. Macfarlane, of Tampa.

The speakers for the anti-Taft element were J. N. Stripling and J. H. Dickerson.

More Taft Delegates.

The National committee, at 1:45 o'clock, decided the contest over the seats of delegates-at-large and in the second district of Florida in favor of the Taft faction headed by National Committeeman Combs.

When the motion to decide in favor of the Taft delegates was made, at the conclusion of the hearing, Committeeman Scott, of Alabama, moved as an amendment that the anti-Taft delegation be seated. This motion was seconded by Committeeman Crane, of Massachusetts, but on a viva voce vote the amendment was lost, the original motion prevailing, and the Taft delegates were seated.

Georgia Contests.

Next on the program after the Florida contest were the five districts from Georgia. It was generally thought the contests would be filed in six districts from this state, but one of them failed to qualify and was dropped.

After Georgia, the committee planned to take up the contests in the First, Fifth, Sixth and Eleventh districts of Kentucky. It was believed by the members of the committee that these three states would occupy the entire time of today's session.

It was said by a number of prominent politicians who were gathered around the committee room before the work of the day commenced that sentiment on the vice-presidential question seemed to be settling over New York, it being generally considered that it would be wise for the party to take a man from that state. The two most prominently mentioned today in this connection were Secretary Cortelyou and Representative James E. Sherman, the chairman of the congressional committee, both of whom are from New York.

Filed Another Protest.

At the opening of the hearing in the case of the Florida delegates-at-large, Mr. Stripling filed a protest against Frank H. Hitchcock, Arthur F. Statter and Charles G. Phelps, respectively manager and employes of the Taft headquarters, similar to that presented to the committee yesterday.

On motion of Mr. Stevenson, of Colorado, the protest of Mr. Stripling was tabled, the committee deciding that the question of the qualifications of Messrs. Hitchcock, Statter and Phelps had been decided yesterday.

The Republican national committee yesterday afternoon decided the contests from Alabama and Arkansas, involving twenty-four seats in the Republican national convention, in favor of the delegates instructed for Secretary Taft.

The victory for the Taft forces was sweeping, not even a division being required to determine the will of the committee.

Last night a meeting was held in the room of Senator Hemenway of Indiana, at the Auditorium annex. It was attended by representatives of Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania; Vice President Fairbanks and Joseph G. Cannon. A statement was prepared. It says in effect:

The Statement.

"Contests between Republicans should be considered and decided by those regularly and properly chosen for that purpose, and by them only when they can honestly consider the merits of each case in a judicial frame of mind."

The statement further declares that if Secretary Taft has, as his friends say, a majority of the national committee, the presence of Messrs. Hitchcock, Statter and Phelps on that committee is unnecessary, and on the other hand, if the vote on the committee is close, the presence of the three men is improper as it leaves "the nomination of the presidential candidate to the decision of one campaign manager and two of his assistants."

Headquarters Selected.

Headquarters for the presidential candidates and for a majority of the delegations from the states and territories have been selected. In cases where the announcement of state headquarters is not yet made there are contesting delegations before the national committee. The list of presidential headquarters is as fololws:

William H. Taft—Auditorium annex, with branches at the Auditorium and Great Northern.

Charles W. Fairbanks—Auditorium annex, with branch at Grand Pacific.

Joseph G. Cannon—Auditorium, parlor floor, with branches at Auditorium annex and Virginia.

Philander B. Knox—Auditorium annex.

Charles E. Hughes—Auditorium annex.

Joseph B. Foraker—Great Northern.

Robert M. La Follette—Grand Pacific.

State and teritorial delegations will be established in the following hotels:

Alabama	Grand Pacific
Alaska	Auditorium
Arizona	Auditorium
Arkansas	Auditorium Annex
California	Auditorium Annex
Colorado	Auditorium Annex
Connecticut	Auditorium Annex
Delaware	Victoria
Florida	Not announced
Georgia	Not announced
Hawaii	Not announced
Idaho	Auditorium Annex
Illinois	Palmer House
Indiana	Auditorium Annex
Iowa	Auditorium
Kansas	Auditorium
Kentucky	Palmer House
Louisiana	Victoria
Maine	Auditorium
Maryland	Victoria
Massachusetts	Auditorium
Michigan	Auditorium Annex
Minnesota	Auditorium Annex
Mississippi	Not announced
Missouri	Grand Pacific
Montana	Auditorium Annex
Nebraska	Auditorium Annex
Nevada	Not announced
New Hampshire	Auditorium Annex
New Jersey	Auditorium Annex
New Mexico	Not announced
New York	Auditorium
North Carolina	Not announced
North Dakota	Not announced
Ohio	Auditorium and Great Northern
Oklahoma	Auditorium Annex
Oregon	Great Northern
Pennsylvania	Auditorium
Philippines	Palmer House
Porto Rico	Palmer House
Rhode Island	Great Northern
South Carolina	Grand Pacific
South Dakota	Palmer House
Tennessee	Auditorium Annex
Texas	Grand Pacific
Utah	Not announced
Vermont	Auditorium Annex
Virginia	Auditorium Annex
Washington	Stratford
West Virginia	Victoria
Wisconsin	Grand Pacific
Wyoming	Stratford

ELLIS MAKES PLATFORM DRAFT

Has Made No Attempt to Put Planks Together, He Says.

Norfolk, Va., June 6.—Wade Ellis, attorney general of Ohio, who has been at Virginia Beach for several days preparing the first draft of the Republican national platform, will leave tomorrow night for Washington and thence will go to Chicago.

"The only work that has been done on the platform," said Mr. Ellis today, "has been the attempt to get together in concrete form some suggestions for the resolutions committee which might be made the basis for work to be done by that committee on the platform. There is no intention of preparing a platform in advance of the meeting of the committee.

"Several prospective members of the committee, chancing to be in Washington, talked the matter over with President Roosevelt, Secretary Taft and others interested in the subject. That is all there is to be said about the Washington conference."

Says Southland Would Not Blacken Grant's Character

Washington, June 8.—"I look forward to the day when those of the north and those of the south will join alike in decorating the graves of their common dead."

This was the sentiment voiced by Governor Robert B. Glenn, of North Carolina, to a vast assemblage gathered yesterday in the Confederate section of Arlington national cemetery to commemorate Confederate Memorial day. Governor Glenn and Representative Thetus W. Sims, of Tennessee, were the orators.

After eulogizing General Robert E. Lee as one of the greatest chieftains the world has produced, Governor Glenn made a significant reference to General Grant. "Every true southern man respects Grant for his kindness at Appomattox," he said, "and the southland would not rake up an error of the past to blacken his character."

"I can truthfully say," continued the governor, "that I long to see the day when the names of Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses Grant shall be loved and respected in every nook and corner of the old Confederacy, and when the names of Lee and Jackson will be cheered in Maine, Massachusetts and California."

Representative Sims, who followed, declared that the southern people would never forget their ideals.

The graves of the Confederate dead, the unknown dead and of General Joseph Wheeler were decorated.

SMITH BADLY BEATEN

Joseph M. Brown to Be Next Governor of Georgia.

U. S. Senator Clay Had No Opposition and Received the Full Vote.

Atlanta, Ga., June 5.—With a few doubtful counties still to be heard from, the returns show that Joseph M. Brown defeated Hoke Smith in yesterday's Democratic primary by a majority of slightly over 14,000. The vote from the missing counties will not materially change's Brown's majority. The returns, although unofficial, indicate that State Senator Robert E. Park was renominated over W. J. Speer by a comfortable majority. The result as to the full and two unexpired terms as railroad commissioner is still in doubt.

HOKE SMITH.

All of the present congressmen have been returned, with the exception of E. B. Lewis in the Third district. In this district the race was close and at first it was reported that Congressman Lewis had defeated his opponent, D. M. Hughes. Later returns, however, show that Hughes received a small majority over Lewis. L. F. Livingstone, for congressman from the Fifth district, whose nomination was in doubt last night, according to figures received early today, secured a good majority over James L. Mayson.

United States Senator A. S. Clay had no opopsition and received the full vote, as did Attorney General John C. Hart, Secretary of State Philip Cooke, Comptroller General W. A. Wright, and other state officers, with the exception of prison commissioner, for which office there were five candidates, the result being still uncertain.

The vote was consolidated at the different county seats and the official count made public as soon as completed. It is not believed that the result reached by the official count will vary greatly from the unofficial figures given in the majority in the race for governor.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER TO ERECT ORANGERY.

New York, June 6.—John D. Rockefeller is about to begin the erection of an orangery on his estate at Pocantico Hills. Mr. Rockefeller takes great interest in the cultivation of oranges and has a great variety of trees bearing this fruit in his gardens.

To enhance their growth and preserve them, the trees will be transferred to the orangery during the winter months. Plans for the building have been completed. It will cover a plot 200x50 feet and will be 25 feet in height. The style of architecture is to be Italian and the exterior will be of ornamental stucco.

WRITES ABOUT GARDENING

Gardening is growing more and more popular as an occupation for women, and Hon. Frances Wolseley, who has succeeded in this work on her Sussex estate, has written a book on the subject, which she will have published in a short time.

BUILT UP

Right Food Gives Strength and Brain Power.

The natural elements of wheat and barley, including the phosphate of potash, are found in Grape-Nuts, and that is why persons who are run down from improper food pick up rapidly on Grape-Nuts.

"My system was run down by excessive night work," writes a N. Y. man, "in spite of a liberal supply of ordinary food.

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"This food seemed to lift me up and stay with me for better exertion, with less fatigue. My weight increased 20 lbs. with vigor and comfort in proportion.

"When traveling I always carry the food with me to insure having it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BIG FINES ARE PAID.

Kansas City, Mo., June 6.—Three packing companies and one railroad company, convicted in 1906 of rebating and sentenced to pay fines aggregating $60,000, yesterday handed to the clerk of the United States court a check for the total amount of their fines plus costs. Each of the fines was for $15,000.

These fines were paid by Armour Packing company, Cudahy Packing company, Swift & Co., and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad.

RACE WAR IN INDIANA

Substitution of Negro Waiters for White Girls.

West Baden, Ind., June 5.—On account of the substitution of negro men for white girls as waiters at one of the large hotels here, trouble between the races has arisen. Last night two sticks of dynamite were exploded under the corner of a hotel whtre the negro waiters are housed, but no one was injured. Today a number of shots were fired to frighten the negroes, who had fled from the hotel.

SIGHT MAY BE RESTORED

Senator Gore Is Being Benefited by Treatment.

Washington, June 5.—Thomas P. Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma, who is undergoing treatment at the Episcopal hospital here, firmly believes, it is said, that his sight will be restored. He is considered a model patient. Mrs. Gore is constantly at his side and keeps him informed on all the latest news.

In the event of any improvement through the treatment, a slight operation will probably be performed. The treatment supplies nourishment to the retina of the left eye, which is separated from the optic nerve.

AN 18TH CENTURY BEAU.

Sir John Lade, the son of John Inskipp, who assumed the name of Lade, and in whose person the baronetcy that had been in the family was revived, was born in 1759, and at an early age plunged into the fast society of the metropolis with such vigor that he had earned a most unenviable reputation by the time he came of age, on which auspicious occasion Dr. Johnson, who knew him as the ward of Mr. Thrale, greeted him savagely in the satirical verses which conclude:

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander:
Let it wander at its will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonnie blade carouses,
Pockets full and spirits high—
What are acres? What are houses?
Only dirt, or wet and dry.

Should the guardian friend or mother
Tell the woes of wilful waste,
Scorn their counsels, scorn their pother,
You can hang, or drown, at last.

Sir John became one of the Prince of Wales' cronies, and for a while had the management of his royal highness' racing stable; but while it has been hinted of him, as of George Hanger, that during his tenure of that office he had some share in the transactions that resulted in Sam Chifney, the prince's jockey, being warned off the turf, it is but fair to state that there is no evidence in existence to justify the suspicion. Indeed, he seems to have been honest, except in incurring tradesmen's debts he could never hope to discharge; but this was a common practice in fashionable circles toward the end of the eighteenth century, and was held to throw no discredit on the man who did so—for was it not a practice sanctioned by the example of "The First Gentleman of Europe" himself?—Lewis Melville, in The Fortnightly Review.

IS IRISH GOLF CHAMPION.

Miss May Hezlet last week won the golf championship of Ireland, this being the fifth time that the championship cup has fallen to her. She is now ahead of Mrs. Cuthell, who as Rhoda Adair won the championship four times. Only one other Irish woman has ever been able to snatch the championship from these two ladies, having won it for one year. There are no less than five Hezlets who are among the best Irish players, and in the finals Miss May Hezlet was opposed by her sister.

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If you desire more nerve-force, more vitality, more vigor, send for this free book today. G. H. ROBERTZ, M. D., 19 Roberts Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.

IRON MAN DROPS DEAD

Peter White Dies on Streets of Detroit.

Detroit, June 6.—Peter White, of Marquette, one of the most prominent men in the upper peninsula of Michigan and a pioneer in the copper and

HON. PETER WHITE.

iron development of that country, dropped dead here today in front of the city hall. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of death.

SUFFERS FROM BREAKDOWN

Bishop Potter Has Abandoned Trip to Europe.

New York, June 5.—Bishop Henry C. Potter is at his home in Cooperstown suffering from nervous breakdown. He has been sick for a month or more.

A clergyman close to the bishop declared that the later's indisposition had caused him to abandon his trip to Europe. Both he and his coadjutor, Dr. Greer, intended to leave in a day or two for London to attend the decennial Lambeth conference of Anglican bishops throughout the world, which is due to begin on June 15 in Lambeth palace, London, the seat of his grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

UNDISCRIMINATING LOVER

I saw her leave the house one day
Dressed in the latest style;
And as I passed she looked my way
And gave me such a smile!
Ah! she was fair as any queen.
My head was in a whirl;
Was she the rich man's daughter,
Or just the hired girl?

Another time upon the street
We chanced to meet, and she
Gave of her glances, oh, so sweet,
A goodly share to me.
And all that day my mind would turn
Back to that lovely pearl;
Was she the rich man's daughter,
Or just the hired girl?

Why should I care if she be fair
To look upon and true;
Should I not pay my court to her,
As all true lovers do?
What should it matter unto me,
Unless I be a churl,
If she's the rich man's daughter,
Or just the hired girl?

For weeks has this been going on.
I've dared not to make known
That I would gladly be her John
If she would be my Joan.
And yet I hesitate to speak;
In scorn her lips may curl;
Is she the rich man's daughter,
Or just the hired girl?

—Detroit Free Press.

LASSIE, DO NOT GRIEVE.

Little lass, why grieve today;
Lads there are, they say,
Wanting lassies just like you.
What if one did prove untrue
Wipe your tears away.

Little lass, then do not grieve,
That love did deceive;
Buds unfolding in the May
Full-blown roses are today;
Lassie, then believe.

Child, then wipe your tears away—
Loves of yesterday.
Lassies must the lesson learn;
Scorned, today the heart doth spurn
Love that would not stay.

Other lads that fondly wait,
Better, loving late,
Little lassie, are for you,
Proving both the false and true
Is a woman's fate.

—Frank Fair.

20,000 University Students Strike

Vienna, June 4.—A strike involving nearly 20,000 students in all the leading Austrian universities and high schools began yesterday through the renewed activity of Dr. Wahrmund, professor of Catholic ecclesiastical law, whose attitude, as shown by a speech in which he criticised the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church recently led to difficulties with the vatican. Prof. Wahrmund resumed his anti-clerical lectures at Innsbruck university, but the clerical students there caused such disturbances that the authorities closed the university.

The liberal students at Innsbruck then called upon the non-clerical students of all the universities to organize a general strike until Prof. Wahrmund's academic freedom was respected.

Must Pay 60 Per Cent Duty on $340,000 Pearls

New York, June 3.—Customs duties of 60 per cent must be paid on the $340,000 pearl necklace imported from France by Mrs. William B. Leeds, under a decision rendered by Judge Lacombe in the United States court.

This decision sustained the ruling made by the collector of the port which subsequently was set aside by the board of general appraisers. It was the result of an appeal taken by the government from the finding of the general board. After the necklace was purchased in Paris the pearls were separated and brought to this country as individual gems, admitted upon the payment of 10 per cent, which the law provides for individual pearls. The collector of the port ruled, however, that as the pearls had been used as a necklace, and were intended to be used in that form again, the full duty of 60 per cent should be levied.

INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS

Washington, June 5.—Domestic commerce movements for the month of April, as reported to the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, indicate an improvement in the lumber and anthracite coal trades, though acuvity in the live stock, meat, grain, soft coal and iron trades shows but few signs of a return to normal conditions.

Receipts of live stock at seven interior primary markets during April, 2,739,516 head, show a considerable decrease, both compared with the figures for the earlier months of the year as well as with like figures for the corresponding months in 1907 and 1906, 3,291,444 and 2,957,854 head. All markets in question, except St. Louis and St. Paul, show smaller receipts than a year ago.

Grain receipts during April at 14 primary interior markets, 41,866,742 bushels, were 37 per cent below like receipts for April, 1907, and 6 per cent less than the unusually small receipts for April, 1906, the largest losses being shown by Duluth, Minneapolis and St. Louis. Of the total receipts wheat constituted 9,548,549 bushels; corn, 13,941,990 bushels; oats, 15,280,572 bushels; barley, 2,755,402 bushels, and rye, 340,229 bushels. Grain receipts at the same markets during the 8 months of the crop season beginning September 1, 539,247,458 bushels, were likewise below the corresponding 1907 and 1906 figures of 588,086,841 bushels and 600,652,726 bushels, all the important markets in question, except Peoria, showing smaller season receipts than a year ago.

Production of anthracite and coke pig iron during the month, 1,148,691 gross tons, was almost 50 per cent below the corresponding April, 1907, figures. The daily average rate of output, 38,289 gross tons, indicates a smaller activity for the month as compared with the March record, though above that for the earlier months of the year.

Activity in the building trade was larger than during any of the earlier months of the year, though the total value of building permits granted in 47 leading cities in various parts of the country, $47,816,565, was 24 per cent below the total reported for April, 1907. The unfavorable total for the month as compared with last year is due to the stagnation in the building trade reported mainly from New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco, while Chicago, Cleveland and Denver show gratifying increases over April, 1907, figures.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.
Dear Father, in the morning hour of this new day, we thank Thee for the glorious revelation of Thyself in the open Book of Nature.

MONDAY.
Heart-Cheer—like the roses sweet, it will grow and grow as fast as you give it away.

TUESDAY.
Great gift of heaven, too little understood,
The happiness that comes from doing good.

WEDNESDAY.
Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil and use you for His glory during the day.

THURSDAY.
Take time to be pleasant. A bright smile or a pleasant word falls like a sunbeam upon the hearts of those around us.

FRIDAY.
Heart beauty writes itself at length on the external life in deed, disposition and character.

SATURDAY.
Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need.
Somebody sang a beautiful song:
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?

The Too Willing-Worker

It is a commonly accepted fact that a busy life is the happiest one. This is true beyond a question, unless the "busy" condition is made the excuse for being cross, disagreeable and selfish. Excess in any kind of work will, like excess in any kind of pleasure, bring unwholesome results. Work is often the best medicine for physical as well as mental ills, since the two are closely allied. If one's mind is occupied, it cannot be dwelling on, and intensifying, illness, but there are always two sides to every question. The other side of this question lies in the saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and it has the same effect in making Jill a dull girl.

Many who overwork are doing it for their own satisfaction, though they may be sincere in fancying they are working for the good of others. They take a mournful sort of pleasure in this self-sacrifice, and in uttering the plaint, "I can't go; I'm too busy. The rest of you can have a good time. Don't mind me."

Naturally, "the rest" are made uncomfortable by this resigned statement, and feel that the worker would be much pleasanter to have around if she were not quite so depressingly busy.

There is a possibility of being too much wedded to work to take thought of happiness, or to lift one's eyes high enough to see what is brightest and loveliest. The physical comfort of others is a good and necessary thing to consider, but if in the effort to fulfill this duty, all else is forgotten, the worker becomes a piece of machinery and ceases to be a human being.

Having many cares does not necessarily make one a slave, if one has the wisdom to lighten labor. There are innumerable tasks a too willing worker performs that are needless and do not benefit anybody. The woman who works until nerves and body are exhausted cannot be at her best as wife and mother. Her house may be spotless, and her children well dressed, but if she, herself, is "too busy" to be cheery and attractive, the other things have small value and the home lies under a shadow.

Sacrificing oneself for the sake of "things" is a foolish action for which no one ever says "thank you." If one is rushed, or overcrowded with work, there is always something that may be left undone without making anyone suffer. It is folly to press oneself to the limit, and the least-necessary labors should be put aside, rather than to get overtired and irritable. In other words, it is a good thing to know when it is time to stop.

Facing one's duties cheerfully; doing the best one can without getting flustered because of things that are left undone, makes life far easier for oneself and for those by whom one is surrounded. It is not always the work that makes others happy, but it is the spirit in which it is carried on that brings it to success or failure.

Life is pretty much what we make it, and undoubtedly the busy life is the happiest, provided it is ruled by common sense, and work is not turned into a hobby that is ridden at a gallop.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

HOME MUSIC.

I am an interested reader of The Blade, and always turn to the Household page first. I enjoy reading the good letters very much, and after I have read them through I stop in a dreamy way and think how we are all toiling along life's rugged pathway, each of us having our share of joy and sorrow and toil. I am one of the overworked housewives, but I try to be patient, trusting ever in the Good Giver of all things, and endeavoring to make home the sweetest earthly resting place.

I have four children entrusted to my care—two boys and two girls. I have a kind and patient husband who never scolds or complains but is content with anything that is easiest for me. We are lovers of music. The children have a guitar, violin, mandolin, three large harps and a fife, and they seem to enjoy them very much. I think the music is nicer for them than games. I will sign the name my husband calls me.—Little Woman.

HER MOTTO.

I reside in the southwestern part of the good old Buckeye state, and as I have three dear little children it is needless for me to tell of the help I receive from so many of the dear sisters' letters. I am trying so hard to bring up my children to be workers in God's vineyard. My ideal home is the place where love reigns supreme, not only among the children, but between the parents, also.

I have little or no time for society, but that does not worry me, for I think there would not be half so many sinners if people struggled to get into heaven half as hard as they struggle to get into society. My motto is this;

The Beauty of the Home is Order;
The Blessing of the Home is Content.
The Glory of the Home is Hospitality;
The Crown of the Home is Godliness.
—C. G. F.

CARE OF BABY'S TEETH.

The baby teeth, which used to be thought of so little consequence, are now carefuly looked after. Dentists teach us that these teeth should be preserved until the second or permanent set are ready to supplant them. Most modern babies now possess a tooth brush as soon as the teeth begin to appear.

From birth the baby's mouth should be cleansed after feeding. Decaying milk offers excellent soil for microbes, which often set up stomach disorders. A bit of old linen large enough to cover the finger tip is dipped into a weak solution of boric acid, and with this the mouth is carefully wiped out. Before it seems feasible to use a tooth brush, a tooth pick covered with absorbent cotton proves a good substitute. When the brush comes into play, bicarbonate of soda sprinkled on it will cleanse the teeth and prevent their decay.

The shape of the jaw, and consequently the appearance of the face in later years, is often greatly influenced by the care given to the baby teeth. Infancy and childhood are the periods when deformities are most easily caused and most satisfactorily remedied.—Dr. Emma E. Walker in Good Housekeeping.

TEACH BY EXAMPLE.

Kind friends, for such you surely must be, judging from the good letters I have been reading for a long time. I have been much benefited by them and greatly interested in the talks on the training of children. I have one little boy two and one-half years old who is very strong and healthy. He is bright and active which makes him very mischievous. I know you will all understand perfectly well how my chairs look dressed up as horses and wagons, and how my floor looks with playthings scattered over it. But what matter? It is only "clutter" not real dirt. My boy is developing both mind and body, and will, with a few kind words of instruction, put all of his things away, learning by this to obey and help his mother.

I have always made it a rule that when a child does anything at all right, to tell him how nicely he did it, in other words, praise him. Too often a mother thinks only of reproof, which is good in its place. Teach the children to obey, but their little tender hearts need also to be lovingly told when they have done right. Repeat the Golden Rule, and, with a fervent prayer for help, I think you will understand my meaning.

The quickest teaching a child can receive is by the example of those around him. So mothers and fathers, what is your example? If your children are following your footsteps, which road are you traveling? I trust the answer from every father and mother heart may be: "Where He leads me I will follow."—Mary from Ohio.

GOES TO MARKET.

I thought I would like to drop in line with the good sisters of the Cozy Corner. I enjoy reading their letters, and there have been many very good thoughts expressed. I love to read of a mother who is enquiring how she should train her children. She is a good mother who wants to train her little ones in the right way. I have five children, four boys and one little girl. They are all living and I am very proud of them. I do my own work most of the time. My boys help me and do the milking. I prefer to do my own work when my health permits.

I have been going to market for more than six years. I have a garden, make butter, raise chickens, have fruit of different kinds and honey. To make a success of marketing, you must always be prompt to the day, so your customers can depend on you for what they have engaged. When it is cold and muddy, my husband takes my place. He is as good at peddling as a woman.

I like the farm better than city life. Let us all be good, cheerful and kind, and do all the good we can, in all the ways we can.—A True Friend to the Cozy Corner.

ECONOMY IN WORK.

I come to tell the inexperienced housewives how they may save themselves work. First, have a good oil cloth for the table to use in place of linen. When it is time for the week's washing, change the sheets on wash morning. When they are dry, put back on the bed without ironing. The night dresses may be treated in the same way, also the towels which should be nicely folded before they are put away. During the busy season, if the kitchen is large enough, have the meals there.

I am sixty years old and have been a housekeeper all my life. If I should try to do my work as I did when I first commenced to keep house I should never finish, but through sickness and inability to get help, I have learned to slight many things and get along just as well.—S. S.

FROM AN OREGON VALLEY.

I am a long ways from home and the road is very rough. The first part of my journey was made on a stage, over the coast range mountains of the Pacific. I live within sound of this grand old ocean, and the only way we have to get out of our country is by stage, or by boat to Astoria, where we strike the railroad. The ocean trip is very disagreeable to people who suffer with seasickness, still we have many pleasant things in our lovely, green valley. Everyone is prosperous and we have splendid schools. The telephone lines all through the county are great conveniences. The best oysters in the world are found in Netarts Bay—Netarts is the Indian word for oysters—and hundreds of people go there to camp every summer. There are also crabs, clams, mussels, salmon and all kinds of fish in abundance to be had for the taking. The grass is green all the year round, and dairying is a profitable business.—Sister Pansy.

It seems so cheerful to read such nice letters from you all. Dear sisters, I say keep in good cheer, for the days are not so gloomy if we but look for the bright, sunny side, when we meet with the many temptations that are hovering around our paths. I approve of West Virginia Pansy's talk about teaching our children to be pure in deed and thought, so that we may be proud of them in future days. A mother cannot be too careful, thoughtful and cheerful.—Good Heart.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Sweet Merea—One who signs herself M. H. G. sends you this recipe for cooking carrots: Scrape and slice the carrots. Boil until they are tender. Drain off the water, chop fine, and season with butter, pepper, salt and a little vinegar. Some omit the chopping and use sweet milk instead of the vinegar.

A Friend—Here is a recipe for buttermilk pie: One cup of sugar, one a half cups of buttermilk, a little salt, three tablespoonfuls of flour, and one egg. Grate nutmeg over the top, and bake with only one crust, like custard pie.—Mrs. William Weir.

Another rule for buttermilk pie sent by S. B., calls for one coffee cup of buttermilk, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a little heaping, and flavor to taste.

INQUIRY.

C. G. F. would like to know if some one can tell her how to keep the red spiders off of sweet peas.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

If you do not not see your letters in print as soon as you think you should, don't think they have been thrown away. They'll come along one of these days.—Editor.

This week we are pleased to acknowledge letters received from Ellen, Grandma, Hoosier Mother, Topsy, Mrs. S. T., M. H. G., Cherry Malotte, and Mrs. M. L. Whelan.

PRETTY SUMMER DRESS

SMALL GIRLS CHECKED FROCK FOR SCHOOL

Short sleeved, low necked dresses of pique, gingham and linen are made in one piece style, like the model above, that is a navy blue and white checked linen, the sleeve bands and collars of blue linen with an embroidered scallop edging done in white.

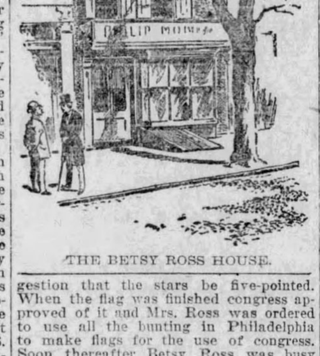
THE STORY OF OUR FLAG

While it is generally known that June 14 is flag day throughout the United States, few are aware that the custom of observing this day originated in Pennsylvania, and that it was through the efforts of the Sons of the Revolution that it came to be generally observed.

It is curious to note that the youngest nation has the oldest flag. Our flag is older than the present flag of Great Britian, is nine years older than the flag of Spain, and antedates the present flags of Portugal, Italy, China, and Japan. Even the flag of Germany was changed as late as 1870. Before the Declaration of Independence various flags were carried by the colonists, the most conspicious of these being the Pine Tree Flag, which showed a green pine tree on a white field and bore the motto, "An Appeal To Heaven." Another colonial flag was the rattlesnake flag with the words, "Don't Tread On Me." The origin of this flag has been attributed to a humorous suggestion made by a writer in Franklin's paper, The Pennsylvania Gazette, that in return for the wrongs which the colonists had endured a cargo of rattlesnakes be sent to the mother country for distribution in places of pleasure.

The history of our present flag from its inception has been a source of much argment and diversity of opinion. The stars and stripes are said to have originated from the shield or coat of arms of Washington. The Washingtons were a Northamptonshire family, and in the early part of the seventeenth century various members of the family lived in the village of Little Brigiton, six miles from Northampton. There are tombstones in the parish church bearing the names of Lawrence and Robert Washington, who died in 1616. On the tombs is the shield of the family and the blazon shows the stars and stripes. The great grandfather of our first president came to this country in 1657 and it is said on good authority that the American flag obtained its design from the red and white stripes and stars on the shield of Washington and the eagle "issuant" from his crest.

The variety of flags used on land and sea was embarrassing; so in May, 1776, Washington, Col. George Ross, and Hon. Robert Morris called on Mrs. Betsy Ross, a widow who lived in Arch street, Philadelphia, in a house which is today unchanged save for a window in the front, where Washington unfolded before her a rough sketch which he had brought with him. She suggested a few modifications, and Washington redrew it, so as to show a flag with thirteen stripes, and a blue field dotted with thirteen stars. It was Mrs. Ross's sug-



THE BETSY ROSS HOUSE.

gestion that the stars be five-pointed. When the flag was finished congress approved of it and Mrs. Ross was ordered to use all the bunting in Philadelphia to make flags for the use of congress. Soon thereafter Betsy Ross was busy with an order from the treasurer for flags for the fleets.

The President of the United States has his own flag. On the blue field is an eagle bearing on its breast a shield with the stars and stripes, and underneath the national motto, "E pluribus unum." The pennant of the United States is long and narrow, with only thirteen stars and two stripes. Accompanying our flag is the Red Cross flag, which is carried by that society the world over. Out of compliment to the Swiss republic, where the society first originated, it is the Swiss flag reversed. The white flag of truce is always a symbol of amity when carried by soldiers on horse or afoot between armies. Curiously enough, though used by all nations of the earth, no regular flag of truce is to be found in the flag lockers of nations, and even in our recent war such flags were made of sheets and table cloths. Emblematic of purity it is said to have originated in the tenth century when the church stipulated an agreement of cessation of hostilities on Sundays. Starting in the south of France the system has been adopted by other countries throughout Christendom. Penalties incurred if the truce emblem be wrongfully used are severe, and death as a spy is the usual result. Honor and respect are expressed by "dipping" the flag. A flag at half-mast indicates mourning for death. At no time of peace must one flag be hoisted above another, and each flag must be flown from its own staff.

All the flags used by the United States are made at the Brooklyn navy yard. Here the stars and stripes have been measured, tested and mounted for over thirty years. All kinds of flags are made for every commissioned craft must be supplied with flags of all nations. One department is used for measuring. In this room the brass designs on the floor mark the dimensions of the parts. The testing of color, measuring of stripes, and cutting of stars is done by one man. A sailor mounts each flag on the ropes, sewing the iron rings into place, and that the flags be strong, for they float in all kinds of weather, chemicals are used to test the color and the resistance of the material before any flags are exposed to rain and bullets. Machine work is largely used of late. The cloth for the white stars being folded twenty times or more, a brass star is laid on, the pattern marked out, and the whole lot cut at one time. A certain number of stitches are always used for each inch, and so exact are the rules that the banner has no wrong or right side.—The American Boy.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

M. G. R.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental moral and social improvement.

My favorite book and author?

In trying to answer that question, I am somewhat in the same position that I was when a small girl, suddenly found myself in a toy store containing "oceans" of dolls, with the unexpected privilege of taking my choice!

Thus it is with books and authors. 'Tis hard to select any one favorite. In fact, I fear my favorites change with my capricious nature. Sometimes 'tis one then another.

Do I merely wish to amuse myself, then a good novel satisfies my longings as nothing else can do.

Dickens is one of my favorite novelists because of his fine portrayal of human nature, and many of the sights and scenes described by him were true to his times. Another favorite is one of our New England women, Mary Wilkins Freeman.

Am I in a studious frame of mind, then I turn to history, biography, etc., but I have not as yet bestowed my affections upon any particular historian or biographer.

If I find myself of a roving disposition, then Stoddard comes to my rescue with his lectures, or almost any good descriptive writer. Am I patriotically inclined, Coffin, Macauley, and others have their turn.

When desirous of communing with things beautiful in nature, I take refuge in Ruskin. If natural history is my bent, then I visit with Long, Burroughs or Seton-Thompson.

If the day be dark and dreary, why, my favorites then are Bangs, Holmes, Riley or Moore, with a sprinkling of "Josiah" or Mark Twain, Billings or Nye.

Does the spirit of poetry arise within me, then my affections are hopelessly scattered. 'Tis only natural that I should admire our so-called New England poets, particularly Lowell and Emerson, and I never yet have ceased to be interested by those older authors and poets, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Wadsworth, Scott, Byron, Keats, Tennyson—I know not where to stop.

Does an author clothe his works in an especially flowery or figurative language, I take pleasure in studying him, e'en tho' his ideas may be entirely at variance with mine.

While on the other hand, however famous an author may be, if his works are full of dialect or foreign expressions, I cannot derive as much pleasure from him as I otherwise would.

There are many other favorites I would like to mention but time forbids, and being a conscientious mortal, I explain that I do not claim to have read all the works of all my favorites. No, indeed. I have merely taken them "piece meal" notwithstanding the fact that several of you have recently proclaimed promiscuous reading harmful. I believe with "Poor Richard" that half a loaf is better than no bread, and I have to pursue this kind of reading. My own private library is very limited and so is my pocketbook. Consequently the hopes of enlarging it—I mean the library, for the pocketbook is plenty large enough—are very small.

We live in a small country town, and, while we boast of a public library, yet that, too, is limited, although it is considered especially good for the size of the town. Thus you see I could not pursue any special reading course, that is, none that I have ever seen outlined. If I must name one author in preference to all others I should select Shakespeare and crown him my favorite, because he seems to me to be a happy combination of many of the good qualities of all my favorites, and in his own words, I can say: "Of many good, I think him best."

For my summary: Everything considered, my favorites among books are not those that are merely stories, nor yet those that are full of trials, troubles, tribulations, villainy and bloodshed (history excepted, of course).

Neither are they the ones that fill the minds of the young with vague, strange and idle dreams of an impossible future. These, it seems to me, although there is nothing bad or immoral about them, often cause more harm than good, and I am sorry to say that, according to my judgment, some of our most popular novelists have written many books of this character.

No, my favorites are those that have good, wholesome lessons to teach, and teach them in a true, straightforward manner, thus pointing out the way to simpler, better lives and leading us on to higher, nobler aims and filling us with broader, more sympathetic thoughts toward our fellow travelers along life's highway. These are my favorites, whomsoever the author or whatever his creed.—New England Girl.

Thank you, Em_T. Head, for your excellent suggestion, which I hope others beside myself will follow. At present I am the only member of the study club and do my studying while resting after exercising in the garden and chicken yard.

If any of you wish to have the masterpieces of a number of authors, get Literatry Readings by Curry, with notes and biographies.

The Chambered Nautilus, by Dr. Holmes, that Whittier said was "booked for immortality," shows that great men can "find sermons in stones and good in everything," even a little shell.

Build the more stately mansions, O, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new tempie, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

"Annie Laurie."

I believe that a love story that has no crime connected with it is all right for anyone to read, but I do not think it is wise to devote much time to reading any kind of stories, unless they are taken from the Bible. My favorite story is The Prince of the House of David. It is a true story and one that is worth reading. I think no one should read dime novels. One time there were two boys living in my home town. They were wild and bad and their mother bought dime novels to read so as to keep them home at night. She would ridicule other people for letting their children go out in the evening, and tell them they would never amount to anything. She advised them to buy novels for the children to read.

When her boys grew up they would not listen to what their mother said. One night a neighbor of ours was coming out from town and two fellows alongside the road ordered him to stop. He drove on and the hold-up men opened fire. They had quite a battle but he got away. There were several other like things done, but the men were finally caught and they proved to be the two boys that read the dime novels. While they were in jail, a minister called on them and asked them if they were not sorry for what they had done, and if they would not try to do right in the future. They answered with an oath, that they had started out to be like Jesse James, and that was what they were going to be. So you see what the result was of reading dime novels.—Frosty.

I am an Ohio boy, sixteen years old, and live in a town of 3,000 inhabitants. I live one-half mile from the public school. I read all the papers and books that come in my possession, whether they are love stories or stories of noble deeds. I think they all have some good lessons in them. One of our greatest men in the history of America acquired the most of his learning by reading history and story books. If you have read the story of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood you can easily guess this man's name.

Speaking of this tall boy from Illinois reminds me of a tall boy from Ohio. I am going to tell something about him. He is honest and truthful and does not use bad language or tobacco. Bad boys cannot lead him to do wrong. He does not say insulting things to girls or tease them. He never picks a quarrel, but if some boy picks a quarrel with him he is liable to get the worst of it. He does not split rails to make him strong, but he does many other things to strengther him both physically and mentally. His character is unlike that of most boys.

Who knows but that this boy might some day do as much for his country as the tall boy from Illinois. We all have a chance to do something for our great and glorious country, if we put our spare time on our books.

When you've work to do,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top,
First must climb the hill.
Boy Carpenter.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

As I have not seen any letters from this part of Washington I thought I would write. I live in the country, three miles from town and six miles from the Pacific ocean. On pleasant days ships can be seen going out and coming in. Baker's Bay is just across the road from my home. I am sixteen years old, five feet two inches tall, have dark hair, gray eyes and dark complexion. I weigh 125 pounds. I go to school and am in the eighth grade, but will complete it in May.—Black-Eyed Susan.

Will you welcome a school teacher from West Virginia to the M. G. R.? I am in love with it and have long wanted to become a member. I like to read all the letters, and am in sympathy with Cherokee Girl. I think she is right, we girls should "get busy," as we only have the privilege once in four years of taking the young men's place, and I should think they would be glad to have a rest. I live in the eastern part of the state, in the country. I have been in town some, but do not like it so well.—Dolly Gray.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

We're having lovely weather in Toledo. How is it with you?

Isn't June the banner month for roses and brides and "sweet girl graduates?"

Florida Old Man has returned from his trip to "foreign parts." We have had a letter from him. You'll see it later.

Zack Stubbs, one of our long-time members, has come back to be forgiven. We shall have to forgive and forget if he will tell "all."

The M. G. R. has received quite a bunch of letters during the past week. They are from Broncho Buster, Genevieve Roop, Brown Eyes, Happy-Go-Lucky, Sweet Marie of the Keystone State, Merry Muriel, W. Va. Scout, Dontuo from Ohio, Pet and Nig.

Some of you people are forgetting to sign your real names to your letters. It's against the rules not to.

Please do not write any more letters about books, authors and favorite heroes in history. We have an embarrassment of riches in that line. The "Welcome" sign is over the door to anything else.

"DONT'S FOR GIRLS"

Here are some Don'ts for you, girls, which, if remembered and acted upon, will save you from many a "bad quarter of an hour," as the French say, for they indicate some little pitfalls into which girls' feet are very prone to stumble, through, it may be, lack of early training, or by too readily following the irresponsible conduct of others.

First of all, don't giggle. It is a habit which most girls in their teens have, and to be a "giggly girl" is not conducive either to beauty, wit or attractiveness.

Now about blushing. Don't dread to be seen blushing. The girl who cannot blush (if such a one exists) is in a much worse state than she who giggles, for whereas the latter has merely contracted a habit which she can easily break herself, the former positively lacks a something in her nature which she can never hope to possess.

Why a girl should so dislike to be seen "coloring up" that she positively goes so far as to seek advice as to how to do away with this charming testimony to her sensibility, or how older people can seriously tender that advice is a mystery.

Blushing is the outward and visible sign of those inward invisible emotions without which no heart—certainly no young heart—is perfect.

So just go on blushing, dear girls, as long as ever you can! And should the day ever dawn when you can no longer "hoist the red rose in your cheek," be very sad and sorrowful rather than jubilant over the fact, and sing a mournful little requiem in your heart for the blush that comes no more.

Again don't hesitate to play or sing—"to give the company the pleasure of some music"—if asked to do so and you have the accomplishment, or a pleasing, musical voice. There are many who greatly prefer a simple little ballad, or a sweet and plaintive ditty, suitably and correctly sung, to all the trills and tremolos of more ambitious performers. So, if you can, sing or play when requested to, do so and make no fuss about it. If you wait to be urged before consenting, greater things will be expected of you than if you at once "played a piece," or sang a song, as well as you know how.

Of course, if you cannot sing, why, there is an end of it, or if you are not prepared to do so, say so at once, and stick to it.

Another thing, never apologize for the way you are dressed. If the clothing you are wearing is not what you would like to have, keep the fact to yourself and don't call attention to deficiencies by making excuses. The chances are the deficiences will not be noticed, if you keep quiet.

THE POETS' CORNER

Bingen on the Rhine.

By Caroline E. Norton.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friend of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her gladd blue eyes on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser—his grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed, and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled!
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody corses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Maryland, My Maryland.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark! to thy wondering son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother state to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall ne'er rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's war-like thrust;
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come! to thy own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And gives a new key to thy song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear mother! burst the tyrant's chain!
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain
Sic semper, 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

The World We Live On.

This world we live on is round
As any apple ever found;
And as the flies o'er apples crawl,
So men pass 'round this earthly ball,
But 'tis a task and takes a year
To go quite 'round this mighty sphere.

Men, women and children live on this land,
With birds and beasts on every hand;
And on the land are mountains high,
Almost mingling with the sky;
And on the land the hills are green,
With quiet valleys all between.

But the great ocean, all in one,
Is still by different titles known;
The mighty sea that rolls between
Our native land and Europe's scene
Is called Atlantic, and you know
The greatest ocean that doth flow.

And one is called Pacific just because
It has few hurricanes and flaws.
Of bays, gulfs, straits I need not tell;
You know these parts of ocean well;
And I will now repeat the rhyme,
If you wish to take a trip at future time,

Get in a ship, from Boston forth to China bound,
And that, you know, is half way around;
And there a while, your troubles o'er,
Your shops with silks and teas you'll store;
Then you wish to take another track
O'er the Pacific to come back.

Around Cape Horn with caution clearing,
O'er the Atlantic once more steering;
You will reach the land that gave you birth,
Having been around this great big earth.

A Dying Child's Request.

When the dewy light was fading,
And the skies in beauty smiled,
Came a whisper like an echo,
From a pale and dying child:
"Mother, in that golden region,
With its pearly gates so fair,
Up among the happy angels,
Is there room for Mary there?

"Mother, raise me just a moment,
You'll forgive me when I say
You were angry when you told me
I was always in your way.
You were sorry in a moment,
I could read it on your brow;
But you'll not recall it, mother,
You must never mind it now.

"When my baby sister calls me,
And my face you see no more;
When she plays beneath the roses,
By our little cottage door,
Never chide her when you're angry,
Do it kindly and in love,
That you both may dwell with Mary,
In that sunny land above."

The Song I Used to Sing.

O let me sing tonight, mother, the song I used to sing,
When hope was bright and the heart as light
As a bird upon the wing.
I know thou'lt miss the voice, mother, that warbled with me the strain,
But let me sing tonight, mother, that dear old song again!

I know 'twill bring sad thoughts, mother, and thy tears may fall like rain,
For a loving eye and a fair young face thou ne'er mayst see again,
But I'd have thee send each tear, mother, back to its secret cell.
And let me sing tonight, mother, the song she loved so well!

It will bring bright dreams of the past, mother,
Bright dreams of the joyous past;
When hope all rainbow-hued, mother,
Her halo 'round me cast.
I know the light grows dim, mother,
But still I fondly cling
To the bright dreams that come back, mother,
With the song I used to sing!

As I sing that song of joy, mother,
Faith upward lifts its eye;
Toward the land of rest, mother,
Where hope can never die;
Where ties that strongly bind, mother,
May ne'er be riven in twain;
Where tears are dried and the heart, mother,
May never know sorrow again.

Then let me sing tonight, mother,
That cherished song of old;
And pray when I sleep at last, mother,
By her side all silent and cold;
Our spirits may meet ne'er to part,
Where heaven-born music ring,
And our voices be mingled there, mother,
In the songs the angels sing.

The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground,
The dead and wounded lay;
Among the slain a drummer boy, who beat the drum that day.
A wounded soldier held him up, his drum was by his side;
He clasped his hands and raised his eyes and prayed before he died.

"Look down upon the battlefield, Oh, Thou, our Heavenly friend!
Have mercy on our sinful souls!" the soldiers cried, "Amen!"
For, gathered round, a little group, each brave man knelt and cried;
They listened to the drummer boy, who prayed before he died.

"Oh, mother!" said the dying boy, "look down from Heaven on me!
Receive me to thy fond embrace; Oh, take me home to thee!
I've loved my country as my God; to serve them both I've tried."
He smiled, shook hands; death seized the boy who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept, then like a child; stout hearts were they and brave,
The flag his winding-sheet—God's book the key unto his grave.
They wrote upon a single board these words: "This is a guide
To those that mourn the drummer boy who prayed before he died."

Ye angels round the throne of grace, look down upon the braves
Who fought and died on Shiloh's plains, now slumbering in their graves.
How many homes made desolate, how many hearts have sighed;
How many like the drummer boy have prayed before they died?

POEMS WANTED.

The song entitled Bonnie Black Bess is asked for.

These three old songs are wanted: The Farmer's Son, The Pittsburg Jail, and Calamity Jane.

This song is requested: 'Twas Just Before That Last Great Charge.

The Face Upon the Barroom Floor, and How Christmas Came to the Poorhouse, are the titles of two poems that are requested.

Can some one send the poem commencing thus:

Only a boy with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun.

The song is wanted in which is this line: Just as the sun went down. Another is The Barefoot Boy, which has these lines: Mister, please give me one penny, for I want to buy some bread for ma. Other verses asked for are: He Gave His Life for His Country, and After the Ball.

Can anyone send the song of which this is the chorus:

Oh, dearest May, you're lovely as the day,
With your eyes so bright they shine at night,
When the moon am gone away.

A LITTLE CHAT.

In answer to recent requests we have received The Wearing of the Green, Over the Hills to the Poorhouse, Pat Malone, The Rumseller's Sign, and The Drunkard's Lone Child.

Willa Morrison—Thank you very much for sending us the copy of Over the Hills to the Poorhouse. It shall be published very soon.

SKIN LEFT ON BODY

Six Months Baby Was Expected to Die with Eczema — Blood Oozed Out All Over Her Body—Now Well.

CUTICURA SAID TO USE CUTICURA

x months after birth my little girl out with eczema and I had two rs in attendance. There was not icle of skin left on her body, the oozed out just anywhere, and we o wrap her in silk and carry her pillow for ten weeks. She was ost terrible sight I ever saw, and x months I looked for her to die. d every known remedy to alle- her suffering, for it was terrible tness. Dr. C—— gave her up. —— recommended the Cuticura dies. She will soon be three old and has never had a sign of dread trouble since. We used eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and boxes of Cuticura Ointment. s J. Smith, Dumid, Va., Oct. 14 2, 1906."

T 3 DAYS IN SWAMP

d Found Alive After Terrible Experience.

umet, Mich., June 8.—Reclining st a tree trunk, oblivious to the hat hundreds of men, women and en were scouring the township ate her, the unconscious form of ttle 4-year-old daughter of Mr. rs. William Gernzack, was found rday in a swamp near No. 5 shaft e Tamarack mine.

lliam Gray and Joseph Cannon the tot, with her shoes and hat ded in the tall grass. Her face black with mosquito bites and ly swollen.

child was immediately taken to ome of her parents and a physi- called. Three blasts from the whistles notified the other search- hat the child had been found, and any parties returned to town.

H. M. Joy, of the Calumet & staff, who examined the child, that she was very weak, having without nourishment for three and three nights, but she will ve. She has been put on a milk Interest has been manifested by ands of residents here in the h for the missing one, the school en all being on the lookout for

ad feature of the case is that the er has apparently lost her mind, bly from grief. The child's r is blind and was absolutely help- aid in the search for his beloved ter, and suffered great anguish. d in a bright new dress, with y new ribbons in her hair and in happiest mood, the child proudly ome Friday morning to join her ates at school. Not returning as expected, the mother went in h of her. Learning that she had een at school, a general search begun.

w the child escaped falling into uagmires in the marsh and being cated is a marvel to the searchers found her. She apparently crossed rek on a board near the spot e she was found.

ND DEAD IN BATH TUB.

ionary Is Asphyxiated—Home from India on Visit.

pkinsville, Ky., June 8.—The Rev. J. M. Gordon, a missionary at ell, India, was found dead today in h tub at the residence of the Rev. D. Smith, whom he was visiting. ordon was asphyxiated when a gas a heating stove was accidentally ned.

Gorden was supported in India e Church of Christ of Hopkinsville, was here on a furlough. He was on of a British army officer, and minent missionary of the Deciples hrist Denomination. He leaves a w and child.

OOL TAX IS DEFEATED.

ama Schools Left With Practically no Support.

bile, Ala., June 3.—From returns ed this morning from the special l tax election held in Mobile y yesterday, the prohibitionists suffered defeat losing the city by jority of 376 votes, and the county smaller number.

e passage of a state prohibition bill e recent Alabama legislature de- d the public schools of this county $0,000 per year received from the tax, and left them with practi- no support. The election yester- was for the purpose of imposing ne mill," 10 cents per $100, tax aintain the schools. Anti-prohibi- ts fought the tax and won. Teach- alaries and school terms will be re- d to meet the conditions.

OT IN STREET FIGHT

zens of Two Oklahoma Towns Battle with Guns.

faula, Okla., June 8.—In a fight een 15 Checotah residents and citi- s of Eufaula yesterday on the ts of Eufaula, F. M. Woods, dep- constable of this place, and Joseph menter, of Checotah, were shot. ds probably will die. He was shot through the body. Parmenter's ld is not serious.

e trouble started when Constable ds attempted to disarm Parmen- About 15 shots were fired in all. rifles and revolvers the Checotah came to Eufaula to attempt to ve the county seat records by e. The county clerk is said to furnished them the keys to the t house and the records were to ut in sacks and sent to Checotah special train which was to arrive Eufaula citizens were armed to ent the removal because a tem- ry injunction had been granted by upreme court.

LCANO MU IS ACTIVE

ntain on Savaii Island in Violent Eruption.

Francisco, June 8.—According to a rt brought to this city by the steamer , just arrived here from Apia, Samoa, olcano Mu, which broke out in Au- 1905, on the island of Savaii, one of Samoan group, is again in violent tion and covered a large and fertile of the island which previously es- d with lava. The inhabitants of the which is known as Matatautu, fled before the river of molten rock taken refuge on adjoining islands. r some time after the first great tion three years ago, Mu has flowed y and through subterranean chan- to the sea, but about a month ago a outburst came that devastated some e most productive land on Savaii. low is approaching the village of uta and its inhabitants are preparing ve.

hen the Aeon left Apia 19 days ago ava flow had covered more than miles of land and was spreading

BRYAN IS THE CHOICE.

tsville, Tenn., June 8.—That William Bryan is the choice of the Tennessee ocracy for the presidential nomina- at Denver was demonstrated Satur- by the practically unanimous action the executive committee of the 96 ties of the state.

SUN'S RAYS CAUSE RAILROAD WRECK

One Train Is in Two Accidents While Passing Through West Virginia.

Huntington, W. Va., June 8.—Train No. 3 on the Chesapeake & Ohio railway, the flyer, between New York and Cincinnati, proved ill-fated while passing through West Virginia yesterday, being wrecked twice. Engineer Malone, of Thurmond, sustained injuries from which he may die, and three passengers were slightly injured. At Whitcomb, a small station near Hinton, W. Va., the engine tender left the rails and was followed by the express car, mail car, combination coach and one sleeper. In this wreck none of the cars was overturned and no one was injured. The passengers were transferred to a new train which had gone only 50 miles when four sleepers and the diner went off the track.

Engineer Malone was riding in a smoking compartment of a sleeper. He leaped through a window. The cause of the first wreck could not be ascertained, but the second, it is said, was caused by the tracks buckling, owing to excessive heat. One of the passengers hurt is Miss Anna Davidson, of Washington, D. C., who was painfully bruised.

TAFT STILL GAINS.

More Delegates for War Secretary Are Seated.

Allies Acknowledge Taft Will Be Named, but Continue Contests.

Chicago, Ill., June 8.—Acknowledging that Secretary Taft will be nominated for the presidency by the Republican national convention, the "allies" are continuing their contests before the national committee merely for the purpose of keeping the records straight.

After short hearings the delegates favoring Taft are declared seated and the committee calls "next." The Taft delegates in the Second Georgia district were seated this afternoon.

With a confident air, Arthur I. Vorys arrived from Washington, proceeded to open Taft headquarters in the Auditorium Annex. He is located on the same floor with Fairbanks' leaders. Mr. Vorys said that he had nothing to add to the general fund of political information as in his mind there is no longer doubt of Taft's nomination.

Houpt in Chicago.

Thomas Houpt, of Findlay, is the first arrival from Northwestern Ohio. Mr. Houpt is one of the assistant sergeant-at-arms of the convention. He has been a "regular attendant" at the past four conventions. "I am surprised at the number of young men who are taking prominent part in this convention," he said. "While there is quite a number of the old guard here the great majority of the workers are of the younger generation. I have looked in vain for many of my old friends who I have been in the habit of meeting at national conventions."

The "allies" have surrendered.

They gave up the battle yesterday, decided to take their medicine in homeopathic or allopathic doses, according as the Taft doctors desire to prescribe it, and to swallow it with no trace of a wry face.

They acknowledged after a conference participated in by representatives of all the "favorite son" candidates who, with Foraker of Ohio, constitute the "allied" leadership, that Taft will win the presidential nomination on the first ballot taken by the Republican national convention which assembles in Chicago one week from tomorrow. There is to be no bolt, no sulking, no abandonment for vindictive reasons of the presentation of contests to the national committee.

Continue Contests.

Merely to keep the record straight the contests will go forward, and according to present plans will be carried from the national committee to the committee on credentials of the national convention for the same reason. But before the time for balloting arrives it may be decided to permit the nomination of Taft to be made by acclamation.

That discipline for which the Republican party is noted—the discipline that causes the vanquished to accept defeat philosophically, with recognition of the fact that what has been done unto them they would do unto others if they held the cards—has operated to relieve a tense situation, the manifestations of which, however, have been mainly upon the surface. There has been no deep-seated intention, the developments of yesterday clearly proved, to do anything sensational to disturb the tranquility of the big party gathering.

Just a Bluff.

Saturday night's scare with respect to threats of bolting and of withdrawing in disgust from further effort to seat delegates in the temporary organization of the convention because of the alleged packing of the national committee, was a bluff. It was sprung for the purpose of forcing concessions from the Taft side, but a few hours sufficed to show that it would accomplish nothing, and the bluff was frankly admitted.

PRINCE IN CONSPIRACY

Sensational Testimony Involves George of Servia.

Rupture of Diplomatic Relations Between Montenegro and Servia May Follow.

Cettinje, Montenegro, June 4.—Sensational testimony involving Crown Prince George, of Servia, in a conspiracy against Montenegro has been given at the trial, which is now proceeding here of thirty-two prisoners charged with revolutionary activity in connection with the discovery of a store or bombs in Cettinje last year. Two of the witnesses declared that the bombs in question had been manufactured by Servian artillery officers on the direct order of Prince George, the intention being to use them against the Montenegrin government with the object of overthrowing the existing regime.

This sworn testimony has aroused the greatest excitement here, and the rupture of diplomatic relations between Montenegro and Servia is expected as a result. The Servian minister here admits that in view of these alleged revelations his further stay in Cettinje is impossible.

The crown prince of Servia is an irresponsible and wild young man whose escapades and misbehavior have attracted much unfavorable comment in southeastern Europe.

SMITH LEAVES COMMISSION

President Compliments Him for Work in Canal Zone.

Washington, June 4.—President Roosevelt yesterday accepted the resignation of Jackson Smith, member of the Isthmian canal commission and manager of the department of labor, water and subsistence with headquarters at Culebra, Canal Zone. Mr. Smith has been in the service three years and the President in accepting the resignation complimented him on his work.

Mr. Smith will relinquish his official duties July 15 but his resignation becomes effective Sept. 15, thus giving him the benefit of the sixty days' leave of absence afforded by the law.

CZAR WILL GO TO REVAL

To Welcome King Edward on His Arrival in Russia.

St. Petersburg, June 8.—Emperor Nicholas and other members of the Imperial family, accompanied by a large suite, will go on board the royal train at Peterhof at 8 o'clock this evening and travel over the special imperial track to Gatchina, 30 miles from St. Petersburg and from thence over the Baltic line to Reval, where they will arrive tomorrow morning.

The ordinary run from St. Petersburg to Reval is 12 hours. This is the first railway journey of any length that the emperor has taken since he made the trip to Samara on July 9, 1904, to review the troops going out to the Russo-Japanese war in Manchuria. Extraordinary precautions have been taken along the Baltic railroad.

The track is being closely watched by a cordon of soldiers, and special guards have been stationed at all the bridges. A large staff of plain-clothes police officials has been sent on to Reval ahead of the royal train.

Premier Stolypin, Foreign Minister Iswolski and Vice Admiral Dikoff, the Minister of Marine, left here this morning on board the cruiser Almaz for Reval.

POORHOUSE BARS MAN

Who Helped Found the Institution Many Years Ago.

Is Now 77 Years Old and Homeless After Giving Fortune to Charity.

Chicago, June 5.—A pathetic story of the pranks that the fickle jade Fortune plays in her most heartless moods came to its climax yesterday when Charles J. L. Meyer, erstwhile a millionaire and prominent lumberman and railroad magnate of Wisconsin, sought admission to the Milwaukee poorhouse.

Stripped of wealth, of social station, of business standing, Meyer, a patriarch 77 years of age, knocked at the doors of the Associated Charities, which was established, years and years, ago, in part through his lavish contributions to charity, and—

He was told that, by his removal to Chicago, two years since, he had forfeited all right to enter the Milwaukee county poorhouse.

Asks for Rights.

Being offered money by Gustav Frellson, the agent, the septuagenarian drew himself erect, saying that he had money enough to pay his board until Friday and for his return to Chicago, where, for two years, he has lived in a small room at 98 Aberdeen street.

"I merely was seeking my rights as a citizen reduced to penury," he said, "but I am not asking for personal alms."

"I will write letters to your two sons-in-law, who are men of wealth, and will try to bring them to a sense of duty toward you," said Frellson, as his aged visitor, with a sweeping bow, left the office.

Verily a story of Fortune in its most prankish form—one of the sort that Balzac would have delighted to weave into his Comedie Humaine.

Years ago, when the lumbering industry in Wisconsin was at its height, Meyer, who yesterday was reduced to the point where he sought a place in the poorhouse, was owner of a big sash, door, blind and wholesale lumber business in Fond du Lac. He was associated in business with the late Senator Sawyer, of Oshkosh, and was counted one of the big men of his state.

He was a prominent figure in the councils of the Republican party, and twice was a delegate at large from Wisconsin to national conventions.

At that time he was rated as worth $1,500,000.

Reverses Set In.

Once reverses set in, however, they came in a steady stream. Meyer lost money here and there. He lost first in one direction and then in another.

Last week his small hoard had got to the point where it consisted of less than one $10 bill, so the septuagenarian took the train to Milwaukee and sought admission to the county almshouse.

DEMAND DREYFUS' DEATH

Nationalists Party Insists He Is a Traitor.

Real Motive for the Attempted Assassination Is Not Yet Known.

Paris, June 5.—Whether yesterday's attempt upon the life of Major Alfred Dreyfus was only the individual act of a man believing himself to have been an outraged patriot or had behind it an incipient Nationalist plot, the Republican press is unanimous in deploring the incident and believes it injured rather than aided that cause.

On the other hand the fury of the Nationalist papers is unbounded. L'Action Francaise fires a broadside which recalls the most exciting days of Dreyfus and Boulanger. At the head of its columns this newspaper prints a statement by Charles Maurras, which it is likely the authorities will investigate. In this article the writer says that on Wednesday night "a resolute patriot" visited M. Daudet and Lieutenant Bolsdeffre and himself offered to kill Dreyfus, but his proposal was rejected.

The paper also republishes a number of London reviews of the Dreyfus case, insisting that he is a traitor, and it concludes its article as follows:

"What we ask for Dreyfus is not six balls from a revolver, but the twelve bullets of the execution squad."

Other newspapers declare that Gregori, much grieved at the recent death of his mother, has lately manifested signs of mental derangement.

Veteran Dies at Age of 102

Marysville, Kan., June 6.—Dr. Williamson F. Boyakin died last night in his 102d year. He was reared in Tennessee and General Andrew Jackson gave him a college education and assisted him in the study of law. He afterwards took up medicine, practiced until 1834, and then became a Baptist preacher.

In 1857 he went to Oregon territory and campaigned in favor of statehood. Returning to Belleville, Ill., he purchased a newspaper, supported Stephen A. Douglas and reported the Lincoln and Douglas debates. When Fort Sumter was fired on he entered the Union army as chaplain of the Thirtieth Illinois infantry, afterwards became a members of the staff of General Grant, and was with him at Belmont, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth Vicksburg and Chattanooga. In 1864, at the special request of President Lincoln he went to Oregon and campaigned for the Republican party.

Dr. Boyakin had lived near Marysville thirty-nine years. On his one hundredth birthday he made a Memorial day address at Marysville which attracted wide attention.

ALLISON TO SENATE

Elected Over Cummins by a Majority of 12,000.

Judge S. F. Prouty Succeeds Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs.

Des Moines, Ia., June 3.—One of the sensational results of yesterday's primaries is the election of Judge S. F. Prouty for member of congress, who defeated Representative Hull by an estimated plurality of 1,200.

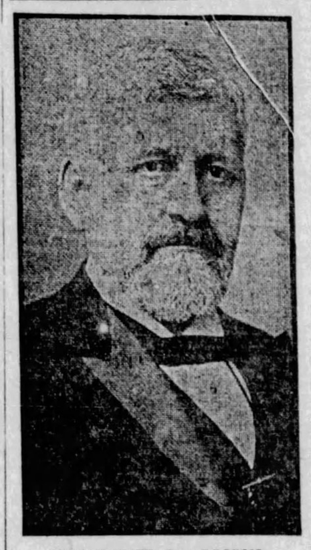
Judge Prouty carried Polk, Story, Marion and Dallas counties. He carried nearly every precinct in Des Moines and Polk county.

Congressman Hull today conceded his defeat to Prouty.

Mr. Hull is chairman of the house committee on military affairs.

According to returns received today Senator W. B. Allison is nominated United States senator by a majority of fully 12,000 over Governor A. B. Cummins.

He carried practically every county in the First and Second districts. In the Third district he lost Hardin county, and in the First Allison secured a majority in



SENATOR W. B. ALLISON.

three of the counties. The returns are coming in slowly.

Reports from all over the state point to a large majority for Allison. Counties which two years ago went for Governor Cummins this year returned a majority for Allison.

Several congressional districts give Allison big majority.

Hon. B. F. Carroll, (Republican), was nominated for governor by a majority of over 15,000. For lieutenant governor, George Clarke, of Dallas county, is in the lead.

The rest of the state ticket has not been reported save in a few isolated instances, but indications are for nomination of the following:

John I. Bleakly, Ida county, for auditor; N. S. Ketchum, Marshall county, railroad commissioner; J. F. Riggs, superintendent instruction.

DELEGATE CHANGE.

"Allies" Move to Reduce Southern State Representation.

Would Mean Same Number of Delegates, but Apportionment Would Be Different.

Chicago, June 8.—On board the wreck of the flagship of the squadron of the "allies," as it floats into the convention harbor, is the resurrected ghost of the movement to reduce the representation of the southern states in future Republican national conventions.

From what is learned of the purpose of the campaign managers of the "allies," now that they have practically given up the fight, it is the purpose of the northern states' leaders who have "favorite son" candidates, to force a resolution through the convention which will compel the basis of representation of the 1912 convention to be the actual Republican vote cast next November in the various states.

Just a Recurrence.

It is the recurrence of the quadrennial protest against the domination of the southern delegates in convention affairs, and in the national committee, which comes first from one element of the party and the next time from the other, dependent altogether upon which element is supported by the southern delegates.

The agitation which has been noted to cut down the representation of the south in congress has been more marked and definite during the last session of congress than ever before. The outcropping of that sentiment will be formally sprung on the preconvention arrivals this morning.

The relative change in conditions had the coming convention been called under the proportional system instead of by the customary method of apportioning two delegates to each congressional district and four at large to each state would have been as follows:

State.	Presidential vote, 1904.	No. del. now.	No. del. new plan.
Alabama	22,472	22	3
Arkansas	46,899	18	6
California	205,228	20	26
Colorado	134,687	10	11
Connecticut	111,687	14	15
Delaware	23,714	6	3
Florida	8,214	10	1
Georgia	24,003	26	3
Idaho	47,783	6	6
Illinois	632,645	54	81
Indiana	368,289	30	48
Iowa	307,907	26	39
Kansas	216,893	20	28
Kentucky	205,277	26	27
Louisiana	5,205	18	1
Maine	64,432	12	8
Maryland	109,497	16	14
Mass	257,822	32	33
Michigan	261,864	28	44
Minnesota	216,651	22	28
Mississippi	3,157	20	1
Missouri	321,449	36	41
Montana	24,932	6	4
Nebraska	138,558	16	16
Nevada	6,857	6	1
N. Hamp	54,177	8	8
N. Jersey	245,164	24	31
New York	859,533	78	110
N. Carolina	82,442	24	11
N. Dakota	52,595	8	7
Ohio	600,095	46	77
Oregon	60,455	8	8
Penn	840,949	68	108
R. Island	41,605	8	5
S. Carolina	2,534	18	1
S. Dakota	72,083	8	9
Tennessee	105,369	24	13
Texas	51,242	36	7
Utah	62,446	6	8
Vermont	40,459	8	6
Virginia	47,880	24	8
Washington	101,540	10	13
W. Virginia	132,620	14	17
Wisconsin	280,164	26	36
Wyoming	20,489	6	3
Total	7,623,486	980	980

The answer of some of the representatives of the "allies" is not concealed over the condition of affairs as they have found it in the national committee and which they expect to continue during the national convention. The possibility of a fight on representation reduction is regarded as near.

Probable Standing.

Those who have canvassed the situation figure that the states which would gain representation naturally would favor the proposal and the losers would stand opposed. Upon such a basis, the coming convention should stand 636 for the new plan and 316 against, with the fourteen votes from Oklahoma and the fourteen from the territories and the District of Columbia, which would lose entirely, in all probability, not counted.

RIFLE SHOTS ARE FIRED AT AERONAUTS

One Bullet Passes Close to the Men in the Car of the Balloon.

North Adams, Mass., June 6.—While the balloon North Adams No. 1, carrying N. M. Arnold, of this city, as pilot, and C. DeAngelis Frua, who is said to be an officer of the Italian army, was passing over the village of Poestenkill, N. Y., yesterday, rifle shots were fired at it, according to Pilot Arnold, who returned here last night.

Mr. Arnold says that four shots were heard and that one of the bullets apparently passed between him and his companion in the car, as both felt the wind of it and heard it whizzing. At that time the balloon was only about 500 feet above the earth. None of the shots penetrated the bag or the car of the balloon.

Mr. Arnold and his companion ascended here at 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning, and finding an easterly current of air, drifted across the state line into New York, landing at Greenbush, near Troy, at 12:30 in the afternoon.

BOMB PLOT FRUSTRATED

Anarchists Planned Death of Portugal's Royal Family.

Lisbon, June 8.—The police have discovered and frustrated a big plot, hatched by the Society of the Black Cross, to blow up with bombs the members of the royal family at a religious feast which is to be held on June 18.

Among the ringleaders arrested are Jose Avila, Adao Duarte and Constantine Mendes, notorious anarchists. The bombs which had been manufactured by the society were discovered, and correspondence seized shows that the society to which Manuel Russia, one of the principals in the assassination of King Carlos and Crown Prince Luis last February, belonged, had close relations with anarchists in Barcelona and Madrid.

FINISHES PLATFORM,

Policies of President Roosevelt Endorsed Unequivocally.

Washington, June 8.—That the platform which will be adopted at the Chicago convention and on which the Republican party will stand during the next campaign has been completed, with the exception of a few details, which will be left for the committee on resolutions to insert, is the opinion of many who are in the confidence of the Republican leaders.

The work has been done by Wade Ellis, attorney general of Ohio, the draftsman of the recent Ohio state platform; Senator Hopkins, who will be the chairman of the committee on resolutions; Senator Long, of Kansas, and a few others, including the President and Secretary Taft, who have been freely consulted.

The policies of President Roosevelt will be endorsed unequivocally, and this endorsement will be the central idea of the document. These policies will be set forth as the embodiment of the principles of the Republican party, whose achievements will be lauded as at all times wise and beneficent, as ever in the interest of all the people.

Quite in Contrast.

These principles, it will be declared, are quite in contrast with the policies of the Democratic party, which, as embodied in the public utterances of its leaders, it will be said, promise nothing good that can be assured of accomplishment.

Specifically speaking, more attention has been given by the platform makers to the tariff than to any other subject. There will be an unequivocal declaration for revision, but the disposition is to leave the working out of details to the ingenuity of congress.

Next to the tariff, the financial plank has received most careful attention; but the enactment of the emergency currency law just before the close of the recent session of congress has rendered the preparation of this plank much simpler than it would have been if there had been no such legislation.

Reference will be made to the financial disturbance of last fall, and while the seriousness of that crisis will be recognized, the claim will be made that the Republican party was found able to meet the situation.

The convention will place itself on record as favorable to such amendment to the Sherman anti-trust law as will enable the railroads to enter into reasonable traffic agreements without taking the risk of prosecution in the criminal courts.

Cognizance will be taken of the demands of labor to the extent of recommending such legislation as will insure labor organizations against snap judgment by the courts in the issuance of injunctions without due notice or necessary hearing. A recommendation for the removal of the triple penalty in conspiracy prosecutions, when such prosecutions are directed against labor organizations is probable.

As usual, the platform will declare for the protection of the civil liberties of the negro race. A special effort will be made to have this plank comprehensive and emphatic. There will be a strong declaration in favor of the continued improvement of the navy.

Favor "Square Deal."

There will be a demand for the continuation of the policies of the present administration towards corporations. Attention will be called to the wisdom of carrying into effect all the recommendations of the President, and the necessity for a "square deal" all round for the enforcement of the law without regard to persons or places, and for the equal protection of all, under the law, will be emphasized.

PLOT AGAINST SHAH'S LIFE

Persian Monarch Leaves Teheran for Summer Palace.

St. Petersburg, June 6.—One of the dispatches received here from Teheran says that reports that an attack against the shah had been planned caused his majesty to go to the Bageshakh palace, a summer residence outside the city, accompanied by a numerous retinue. There is considerable excitement at Teheran on account of the uncertainty of the political situation. Pending a definite reorganization of the cabinet the ministers at present are acting only ad interim. The bazaars of Teheran have been closed.

BISHOP BRENT DECLINES

Will Not Accept Post of Bishop of Washington.

Washington, June 6.—Charles Henry Brent, bishop of the Philippines, in a cablegram received here, declined to accept the post of bishop of Washington, in succession to the late bishop, Henry Y. Satterlee, to which office Bishop Brent was elected last month. The declination is made in the following message in response to his notification:

"Must decline. I would have gone, but God bids me stay. John 5:30.

"BRENT."

The action will necessitate the reconvening of a special session of the diocesan convention to elect a bishop.

4,000,000 Words in Records of Standard Oil Hearing

New York, June 3.—More than two million words of testimony have been taken already in the government's suit to dissolve the Standard Oil company, now on before Special Examiner Franklin Ferriss. Before the hearings come to a close another million words doubtless will be added to the record.

This is said to be the largest mass of testimony ever gathered in a single case for the perusal of a court, for not only will the record contain in excess of three million words of testimony, but several thousand pages of exhibits. The number of words included in these exhibits—some presented by the government, some by the corporation—will add still another million words to the record.

All this mass of testimony will have to be gone over by the three judges. It is said to be the largest contract of the kind that a triumvirate of judges has ever been called upon to wade through. The testimony already taken fills 7,000 pages of 200 words each.

A force of experts will be put to work as soon as the corporation's defense is all in, arranging the testimony in such a way that the record will read consecutively, the testimony on each subject under investigation being collected under its proper heading. The three judges who will have to read the evidence are Adams, Sanborn and Hook.

DIED 10 MINUTES AFTER MAKING WILL.

Waterloo, Ia., June 5.—Ten minutes after making a will, bequeathing all his possessions, valued at about $50,000, to a neighbor, a poor man who had befriended him, Gregory Grey, a picturesque character who lived near Laporte City for more than half a century, died on Wednesday, aged 80 years.

Having no relatives, he preferred that his property go to his friend rather than revert to the state.

BELIEVE 27 MEN DROWNED

All Hope Is Abandoned for German Steamer.

Norfolk, Va., June 4.—All hope has been abandoned for the German steamer Europea, which sailed from Hamburg, Germany, forty-five days ago, bound for Norfolk, loaded with fertilizer.

The trip should have been made in 21 days. Nothing has been heard from the ship in forty days. She carried a crew of 27 men.

CHINA REFUSES A REQUEST

Will Not Permit Japan's Troops Over Boundary.

Peking, June 5.—China has refused the request made by Japan for permission to station 20 men in Chinese territory, over the Korean border, for the purpose of apprehending leaders of the Korean insurgents seeking to make their escape in that direction.

The Japanese residency general at Seoul has distributed a pamphlet containing reprints of incendiary articles that have appeared in the foreign press of Korea and which the residency considers largely responsible for the existing state of disorder in Korea.

GAS PLANT IS BLOWN UP

Hospital Partly Wrecked—Eleven Injured.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 6.—The plant of the Prest-O-Lite company on South street, which stores gas in tanks, blew up at 9:40 o'clock today. Eleven persons were injured by the explosion, none fatally. St. Vincent's hospital and an engine house of the city fire department adjoining were badly damaged. Of the injured, three are employes of the wrecked plant, two are city firemen, four are hospital employes, one is a patient in the hospital, and one belongs to the sisterhood in charge of the hospital. The plant had been completed but a short time. It cost $70,000. This is the third explosion at the company's works within a year.

AWARD HONOR MEDALS

Paris, June 4.—Voting for the medals of honor in the various sections of the salon of the Societe Des Adtists Francais, was held yesterday afternoon and resulted as follows: For painting, Marcel Baschet; sculpture, Jean Boucher; engraving, Leon Rueff; medal engraving, George S. Lemaire.

RECALL REPRESENTATIVE

Rupture Between Montenegro and Servia Imminent.

Vienna, June 6.—Despite the statement of the official Servian news agency that the evidence adduced at Cettinje, in the trial of a number of revolutionaries, tending to connect Crown Prince George of Servia in a conspiracy against Montenegro is absolutely without foundation, the trial continues to compromise the Servian authorities.

Several of the conspirators have confirmed the previous theory that bombs have been manufactured by Servian artillery officers at the direct instigation of Prince George, the intention being to use them against Montenegro in an effort to overthrow the existing regime there.

The Servian representative at Cettinje has been recalled to Belgrade on a three months' leave of absence, and a definite rupture of the relations between Servia and Montenegro is believed to be imminent.

REPORT TOWN DESTROYED

Tornadoes Sweep Over Southern Part of Nebraska.

Kearney, Neb., June 5.—Several persons were injured and probably a dozen residences were either destroyed or damaged by a tornado which struck the southern portion of Kearney yesterday afternoon. No fewer than eight funnel-shaped clouds formed during an hour and passed within sight of Kearney, but only one struck the town.

Among the houses hit by the tornado were the home of United States Senator Norris Brown, the residence of Elwood Jenkins, whose wife and child were seriously injured; the brick residence of A. W. Bond and the homes of Alfred Anderson, J. M. Parr, A. P. Saigren, Henry M. Wagner and S. J. Nicholas. Mrs. Wagner, who was at work in her kitchen when the storm struck the house, was blown through a window. This probably saved her life, as the house was torn to splinters a minute later.

News comes that the town of Minden, Kearney county, had been wrecked by a storm, but it is impossible to get confirmation. Axtell, eighteen miles from here, was damaged, but wires are down and no details are known.

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2 Gallons for $5 of thoroughly matured highest medicinal, STRAIGHT Rye or Bourbon or one gallon each, in Myers' patent glass demijohns, and to prove FULTON is the best Whiskey, you need

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We ship on 30 days' credit if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with each 2 gallon demijohn or 8 quart bottle order accompanied with cash. Full Quart Bottles of Rye or Bourbon are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3., 8 for $6. or 12 for $9. If not satisfied with goods, return, and if paid for all your money will be refunded by first mail.

Address MYERS & COMPANY, Warehouse No. 213 COVINGTON KY.

Sole Owners U. S. Reg. Dist'y No. 12, 4th Dist., Ky. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.

Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

TORNADO RAZES TOWN

Other Places Damaged by Wind in West.

Property Damage Amounts to Thousands of Dollars—Two Tornadoes at One Place.

Lincoln, Neb., June 6.—The Rock Island railroad has received a report that the town of Scandia, Kas., had been wiped out by a tornado. No details were given, and there is no confirmation of the report.

The Burlington received a report that the town of Riverton, near Franklin, had been damaged.

At Least Six Dead.

Geneva, Neb., June 6.—At least six dead, four fatally hurt, and several others more or less seriously injured, is the result of Friday's tornado which swept across Fillmore county and destroyed everything in its path. The property loss amounts to thousands.

There were two tornadoes, and they came as the climax of a series of smaller storms in western and southwestern Nebraska during the last two days. Starting in the southwestern part of the county, the tornado clouds became larger as they moved northeast, destroying everything in their path.

Apparently separating in Fillmore county, the tornadoes continued in different directions across the country, leveling farmhouses, killing stock and destroying crops.

The first damage was done two miles east of Shickley, where John Argenbricht was killed in his home and John Merriman was fatally injured. Moving toward Geneva, the velocity of the tornadoes increased until they struck the ground half a mile west of here, entirely destroying the home of John Shiveley.

Instantly Killed.

His four-year-old daughter was instantly killed by falling timber, and an older son, Ross Shiveley, received injuries from which he will probably die.

Mrs. Shiveley also was dangerously injured and her husband badly hurt. Lulu Smith, a servant, was in an upper room. Her body was found several hundred feet from the wrecked house.

From the Shiveley home the tornadoes swept to the northeast.

GENERAL FUND MONEY

Was Sent to Nebraska, Says Sheehan's Letter.

New York, June 6.—Whatever money was sent to Nebraska for use in the campaign of 1904 was taken from the general fund of the Democratic national committee which was made up of voluntary contributions from many persons, according to a letter by William F. Sheehan, of this city, to William J. Bryan at Lincoln, Neb., on June 1, and made public yesterday.

The letter bears upon the allegation which has been issued that Thomas F. Ryan contributed $15,000 to the state campaign in Nebraska in 1904, through William F. Sheehan, chairman of the Democratic national committee, who, it was charged, gave the money to T. S. Allen, of Nebraska.

In making the contents of the letter public, Mr. Sheehan's report called attention to the fact that it bore date of June 1, and said that there was no delay on Mr. Sheehan's part in notifying Mr. Bryan of the facts.

JOHN D. MEETS A CARDINAL

Oil King and Primate of Ireland Have Pleasant Chat.

Tarrytown, N. Y., June 4.—Cardinal Logue, primate of Ireland, and John D. Rockefeller met here yesterday at the home of James Butler and after spending several minutes chatting on general subjects they posed for a picture with Bishop Brown, of Ireland. The meeting was arranged by Father Lennon, whose church adjoins the Rockefeller estate and who plays golf with Mr. Rockefeller.

Mr. Rockefeller expressed a desire to meet the cardinal again, but this could not be arranged owing to the fact that Cardinal Logue will start for Ireland on Saturday.

BRYAN'S TOUR ENDS

Omaha, June 4.—The week's speech-making tour of William Jennings Bryan through northern and western Nebraska ended with a rear platform speech at Columbus yesterday afternoon, and he arrived in Omaha last evening. Bryan made 42 speeches and nearly that many informal talks since he left home last Thursday.

TYPHOON KILLS 270

Disastrous Storm Strikes Ships Off Australian Coast.

Sharks Followed the Wreckage, Waiting for Exhausted Men to Drop Off.

Victoria, B. C., June 4.—The Canadian-Australian liner Manuka has arrived here bringing news of the destruction of the pearling fleet in a typhoon off West Australia involving the loss of forty luggers and 270 lives, 20 being whites.

The disaster to the fleet of pearling luggers occurred near Thursday island, a typhoon striking the fleet just as it was starting for the pearling grounds, scattering the vessels, completely wrecking some and driving others ashore.

About twenty Australian pearlers were lost. Other victims were Malays, Manilamen, Japanese and Kanaks.

Survivors reported harrowing experiences, some being picked up in the last stages of exhaustion after having cut away their masts and clinging to the wrecked hulks while sharks followed, waiting for the exhausted men to drop from the wreckage. Many were rescued by the steamer Parro sent from Broome as a relief steamer.

The bodies of some of the victims were eaten by sharks. The beach near Broome presented a terrible sight, covered with wreckage and bodies.

CROP DAMAGE A MILLION

Hundreds of Homes Abandoned Because of High Water.

Hannibal, Mo., June 3.—Hundreds of homes along the Mississippi river in this vicinity have been abandoned and citizens' protective associations are being formed throughout the bottom lands to prevent looting. It is estimated that 500 persons have been compelled to abandon their homes and seek shelter on the table lands. In many cases they have been unable to remove their valuables, and thieves have been busy.

The Alexandria bottoms, a rich cucumber and tomato country, are under two feet of water, and the damage is estimated at $1,000,000. Ten thousand acres of corn and wheat have been destroyed by high water.

HOLD CHILD SLAYER INSANE

Bachman Declares God Directed Him to Murder.

Easton, Pa., June 4.—The commission appointed to examine Robert Bachman, the religious fanatic, who murdered his little niece during an orgie at Nazareth, on April 29th, performed the duty in the county jail yesterday and immediately thereafter filed a report to the effect that the prisoner's mind is unbalanced and recommended that he be removed to an asylum.

During his examination Bachman laughed at the experts and declared he had no use for lawyers. He admitted that he killed the child, but said he had been directed to do so by God and that he would do the very same thing again if God directed him to do so.

ANOTHER GUNNESS VICTIM

Chicago Insurance Agent Was Killed at Laporte.

Laporte, Ind., June 6.—Mrs. Benjamin F. Carling, of Chicago, returned home yesterday afternoon following a partial identification of the body of a man murdered by Mrs. Gunness. The body was exhumed in the potter's field in order that the woman might view it. The husband, an insurance agent, who disappeared from home years ago after telling about going to meet a rich widow with whom he had business, had a plate with false teeth in the upper jaw and so did the body exhumed.

DAM BREAKS AND 2 DIE

Score of Others Are Missing and May Be Dead.

Guananajuto, Mex., June 5.—Two women are known to have been drowned, a score of persons are reported missing and property to the value of $20,000 was destroyed late yesterday, the

113 KILLED IN BATTLE

Twenty-Six Fights in Korea in Four Days.

More Than Score of Insurgents Are Taken Prisoners—Officials Are Ousted.

Tokio, June 9.—A dispatch from Seoul dated today (June 9), received at army headquarters, reports that from June 3 to June 7 the government troops had 26 engagements with the insurgents. In these engagements 113 insurgents were killed and 26 taken prisoners.

The recent transfers of Korean cabinet ministers were due to the fact that during a conference of provincial governors a number of cases of negligence of the governors to represent the actual facts concerning the attitude of the Korean government towards the insurgents were overlooked, also neglect in failing to correct false and malicious reports concerning Japanese policy, thus tacitly encouraging the insurrection.

In consequence the minister of agriculture was transferred to the home department and today the new home minister announced the removal of seven provincial governors showing a determination to effect many sweeping changes in local officials.

FOUR KILLED IN A FIGHT

Soldiers and Bandits Clash in Mexico.

Mexico City, June 9.—A special dispatch from Durango, received last night, says that, in a fight between bandits and rurales on the San Ignacio ranch, near Narnar, Chief Meretz, of the rurales, and two of his men were killed. Two other soldiers were wounded. One of the bandits was killed and the others escaped.

This band recently killed H. S. Jones, an American, and the soldiers were in pursuit of them for that crime. The outlaws are still pursued.

ARMY MARCHING ON FEZ

Moroccan Pretender Is Ready to Give Battle.

Tangier, Morocco, June 9.—According to couriers who have reached this city, Mulai Hafid, the insurgent sultan, with his entire suite and an army of 12,000 men, is on his way to Fez. About 20,000 Berber tribesmen are reported to be marching on to join him.

Hafid left Mequinez June 2, and on the next day is said to have completely annihilated the remnants of the Cherarda rebels. Several of Sultan Abd-El-Aziz's functionaries, who fled from Rabat, have reached Mequinez.

BIG SUMMER HOTEL BURNS

Disastrous Blaze at Newport—Cottages Also Destroyed.

Newport, R. I., June 9.—A fire of unknown origin destroyed the New Cliff hotel, one of the famous summer hotels of this city, early today, together with a number of small cottages connected with it, and communicated to the Eastern Beach pavilion, nearby, where but slight damage was caused. The loss on the hotel is estimated at about $70,000.

NAME SUCCESSOR

Cleveland Man National Committee Assistant Secretary.

Elmer Dover Will Remain Secretary—Advance Guard to Convention to Be Early.

Chicago, June 9.—A. E. Fisher, of Cleveland, O., Elmer Dover's confidential man, has been appointed assistant secretary of the Republican national committee. He succeeds Frank H. Hitchcock, whose retirement gave rise to a rumor that he had been deposed by Chairman New. This report was denied, the announcement being made that the new arrangement is the result of Mr. Hitchcock's inability to attend to the work of the secretaryship in addition to his other duties.

Rumor also says that W. Murray Crane, United States senator from Masachu-

C. N. BLISS.

Rumor Says He Will Be Succeeded by Charles G. Dawes as Treasurer of the Republican National Committee.

setts, will be the next chairman of the national committee, with Harry S. New, of Indiana, as vice chairman. The rumors had it further that Charles G. Dawes, of Illinois, will succeed C. N. Bliss, of New York, as treasurer of the committee, and that Elmer Dover, of Ohio, will again be the secretary.

Early Advance Guards.

Indications that the advance guard of the big crowds which will be here for the convention next week will soon be on the ground became manifest early today. The New York men, 1,000 strong, will arrive Saturday, they having telegraphed to this effect last night. They have been assigned two hundred rooms in the Auditorium hotel. The next largest delegation will come from Pennsylvania. Its members are expected Saturday night, and most of the Illinois party will also be here by that time.

The big marching clubs that are to participate in the demonstration at the convention hall Wednesday morning of next week have been assigned quarters in the Great Northern hotel. Most of the marchers will be here Sunday. Their part in the convention is expected to be one of the most spectacular features of the gathering.

The committee in charge of arrangements for the meeting announced the musical program today. There will be no dearth of harmony as exemplified by brass instruments, and in addition vocal selections of a nature calculated to enthuse the delegates will be part of the program.

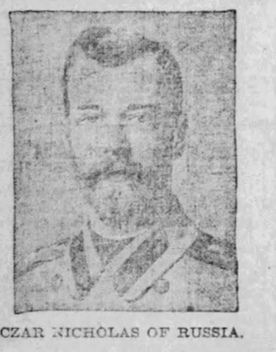
All Sorts of Melody.

The first day of the convention a concert of patriotic melodies will precede the formal calling to order.

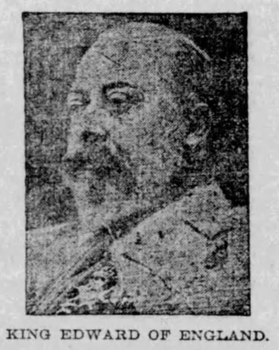
"Rag time" will be the chief feature of the second day, and grand opera selections will usher in the third day when it is expected that the presidential nominee of the party will be named. The vice president probably will not be named until Friday.

KING EDWARD IS GUEST OF THE CZAR

First Time in History English Monarch Has Made Official Visit to Russia.



CZAR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.



KING EDWARD OF ENGLAND.

Reval, June 9.—The meeting between King Edward and Emperor Nicholas occurred here today with due formality. It was the first time that an English monarch has ever made an official visit in Russian waters.

The British squadron escorting the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with King Edward on board, entered the Bay of Reval shortly after 10 o'clock this morning. The customary salutes were fired, and after an exchange of formal visits the king and the emperor lunched on board the Russian yacht Polar Star, as the guests of the dowager empress.

The imperial train bearing the emperor of Russia and suite arrived here at 8 o'clock this morning. When the imperial party alighted they were surprised to find the disembarking platform surrounded by a guard of the school children of Reval instead of by a detachment of troops. The children cheered enthusiastically, and this welcome evidently made a deep impression upon the emperor and the empress.

The minute the visiting vessels dropped their anchors a launch bearing Emperor Nicholas left the side of the Standardt, and the Russian monarch boarded the Victoria and Albert, where he exchanged very hearty greetings with King Edward, whom he has not seen for seven years, and saluted Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria.

After a few minutes on board the Victoria and Albert Emperor Nicholas returned to the Standardt. In the meantime King Edward had donned the uniform of a Russian admiral, and he at once returned the call of the emperor. On board the Standardt he was presented to Premier Stolypin, Foreign Minister Iswolsky and Vice Admiral Dikoff, minister of marine.

BELMONT IS WORSE

New York, June 9.—Oliver H. P. Belmont, who has been hovering between life and death for more than a week at his country home at Hempstead, L. I., was in an extremely critical condition today. He had made a slight gain last night, but early today there came another severe sinking spell.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man, to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3368 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

TURKO-PERSIAN SITUATION CRITICAL

Sultan's Troops Move to Frontier and Seize Property of the Shah.

St. Petersburg, June 9.—Special dispatches received here indicate a serious situation on the Turko-Russian frontier. Turkish troops, which hitherto have been massed on the Russian side in the vicinity of Erzerum Villayet, are in full movement towards Persia. Detachments already have invaded Persian territory.

The Turkish occupation of the district of Azerbijan, west of Urumiah lake, has been carried out in a systematic manner and the method of administration of this territory is similar to the administration in regularly annexed territories, which would seem to indicate that the Turks mean to remain permanently. Bodies of Turkish regulars who have followed in the wake of the Kurdish tribesmen, have commenced to collect revenues.

In spite of the proverbial Turkish slowness, a customs house has been established at Kehlur, some miles inland from Urumiah. The Turks have seized salt mines belonging to the Persian crown and have expelled the shah's officials.

There is every indication, says the dispatches, that the Turks are taking full advantage of the disturbed conditions in Persia to seize a valuable strategical wedge of the country.

COMPROMISE THE VOTE

Both Taft and Anti-Taft Delegates Are Seated.

Secretary of War's Managers Declare No More Compromises Will Be Made.

Chicago, Ill., June 9.—Unable to check the movement for a compromise, the Taft managers today agreed to seating both the Taft and anti-Taft delegates from Louisiana, with a half vote each. This was the first obstacle encountered by the secretary of war in the contests now being waged before the Republican national committee and was important for the reason that it is not the only one involving the negro vote. Similar contests are pending from Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia.

Telegrams by the Score.

An immense amount of conferring, of telegraphing and telephoning took place during the morning, and even after the national committee had commenced its session, in relation to the Louisiana compromise proposition. Telegrams by the score were rained in upon such members of the Taft organization as were supposed to be wavering, urging and demanding that they stand fast at any cost.

Messages were sent to Secretary Taft and to President Roosevelt at Washington, and they were in close touch every instant of the morning with the exact situation in Chicago.

It was finally agreed, with the full consent and approval of both Secretary Taft and President Roosevelt, that the Taft and anti-Taft delegation from Louisiana should be seated with half a vote each.

In consideration of the agreement, it was impressed upon the representatives of the Louisiana contestants that there should not under any circumstances whatever, be any quarrelling or disputes between the two delegations. It was further agreed and understood that the Republican party in the state of Louisiana is to be immediately and entirely reorganized under the direction of the chairman, the secretary, and one member, of the national committee.

Tired of Squabbles.

Members of the committee declared that they were heartily tired of the unceasing squabbles between the "black and tans" and "lily whites" of Louisiana. These disputes have been brought up to every Republican national convention of recent years, and it was determined by the members of the committee that this condition of affairs should cease.

The Taft men, however, declared that the Louisiana contests would stand alone as far as compromise is concerned.

Chicago, June 9.—The outcome of the contests for the seats of the Louisiana delegation to the Republican national convention was the chief point of interest when the national committee of the party reassembled this morning.

The big question today was whether the Taft managers have succeeded in checking the movement for a compromise by which the delegation from the state will be split between the Taft and anti-Taft forces.

There was an exchange of messages between Chicago and Washington last night on this point, but the effect thereof will not be manifested until the vote is taken in the committee meeting today.

Hitchcock Surprised.

Frank H. Hitchcock and his assistants were considerably surprised yesterday when the extent to which the compromise movement had found favor became manifest. The oratory of the Louisiana contestants could not hold the attention of the committee members in the face of the development and a hurried adjournment followed.

Were the Louisiana cases the only ones involved there might perhaps be a disposition upon the part of the Taft managers to yield to compromise. But they point out that similar contests are pending from Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia, and that if the split delegation plan prevails in the Lounsiana case there will be no good reason to anticipate anything other than demands for eight more compromises.

The fact that the negro question is involved in all these states is the stumbling block.

Contests Settled.

Thus far, contests have been settled from the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, and there has been no division of the committee in disposing of any of them. The reason for this has been the rule which denies a roll call on any question unless demanded by 20 men, and the anti-Taft people have not that number on the committee.

Sixteen more votes were gained for Taft yesterday by the settlement of contests. Two of these came from Florida, six from Georgia and eight from Kentucky. These were all the contests heard by the committee. The settlement of the Kentucky cases engendered more ill feeling than has been manifested since the committee began its work.

While the Taft managers still are devoting themselves solely to getting delegates, declaring that the vice presidency is an open question as yet, things are beginning to crystalize a bit with respect to second place on the ticket.

The administration at Washington showed its hand in the game yesterday by letting it become known through Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, that it would like to see a New York man nominated if the New York delegation could agree upon a man for second place. With this boost to a New York candidacy from the White House, announcements that Vice President Fairbanks would not accept renomination under any circumsances was made with increased emphasis.

Incident to the New York situation, it was related that President Roosevelt had turned down Timothy L. Woodruff very hard when the latter recently appealed for White House support for the vice presidency, which accounts for so little being said about the Woodruff boom lately.

The congressional element of the New York contingent is booming Representative Sherman, and asserting that President Roosevelt is opposed to having two men out of the cabinet to make a ticket, thereby deprecating the Cortelyou boom.

Senator Lodge, while admitting that New York may have the vice presidency, will place in nomination for that position Curtis Guild, of Massachusetts. He will temporarily surrender the gavel as chairman of the convention in order to make the nominating speech.

Senator Dick arrived here this morning and took a stand with the allies.

"I am here to look after Senator Foraker's candidacy," said the senator. "From what I have learned, the fight is not over. I do not believe that a Republican national convention will place its stamp of approval upon the arbitrary actions of the national committee. Although the committee does not seem to realize it, I am convinced that the convention will take into consideration the fact that there is to be an election."

The third term talk was revived again today by the arrival of some western delegates. Senator Bourne, the original second elective term advocate, is not here, but many of the western delegates who are numbered among his followers are on the ground. The Taft managers profess to be not in the least disturbed by the third term talk. They feel that they have the situation so well in hand that they can nominate Secretary Taft on the first ballot.

FREAK REFORM LAWS

New Law That Allows Rule by Minority

But "Home Rule" for Cities Is Defeated at the Polls.

Salem, Ore., June 9.—"Oregon is just being hatched and we don't know if it will be a chick or a gosling."

That is what a leading citizen said when the "advanced" political measures which are making this state notorious were under discussion.

And the vote of the people at the election indicates that the statement is true. Even when "hatched" it will be possible to make such kaledoscopic changes in the constitution and laws that one will not know where he is "at" from one election to another—what is white today may be black tomorrow. Loose leaf statutes will have to be printed and card-index constitutions will be quite the rage.

Out of 19 propositions submitted to the people, twelve, it appears, have met with their approval.

Election returns are slow coming in for the reason that Oregon has a territory larger than the state of Ohio, which is not touched by railroad and reports from these districts must come by horseback or stagecoach. It will be more than a week before official returns are in and compiled.

Proportional representation in the legislature was approved. That is a help to minority parties and, in a way, is minority rule. Every party may have representatives where several representatives are elected from a county.

This constitutional amendment says that the legislature may provide by law for proportional representation. It is left to the general assembly to fix the method of electing representatives. It means that the legislature may say that an elector may vote for but one representative, even though four are elected as is the case in Lucas county. For instance, if 50,000 votes were cast in a certain county and ten members were elected to the legislature, the basis for representation would be one member for every 5,000 votes. If Democrats cast 35,000 of the 50,000 votes they would be entitled to nominate seven members and the remainder would be distributed to parties or organizations, according to their voting strength.

And then there is the recall. This amendment gives the voters power to call an election at any time to discharge any public officer and elect his successor. A petition signed by 25 per cent of the voters must be filed to make the recall effective, if the legislature sees fit to make the petition carry as large a number as that. A recall petition cannot be filed until six months after an officer assumes the duty of office. He may be a candidate to succeed himself. The petition shall set forth the reasons of the demand for the recall, and the sample ballot at the ensuing election, if the officer does not resign in the meantime, shall set forth in not more than 200 words the charges against the officer and his defense of his course in office. Other candidates may be nominated at the same time and the one receiving the highest number of votes shall be declared elected, even if it is the man against whom charges were filed. A second attempt at recall, if the first is not successful, is not allowed unless the complainants pay the full cost of the first election.

The Oregon advocates of these radical "reform" measures may not have full confidence in their earlier efforts, or in the people themselves. In the first place nominations are made at primary elections, or by the people. Then at the elections the voters have opportunity to make selections from two or more candidates and now they may call special elections almost at any time to oust an officer and elect a successor.

Three other constitutional amendments appear to have carried. One provides for the organization of a grand jury system, similar to that of Ohio; another changes state elections from June to November, also like Ohio; the third permits the location of state institutions elsewhere than at the seat of government, which Ohio has been doing.

The single tax amendment was lost, much to the surprise of many of its advocates. The farmers and business men put the crimp in that.

"But the single tax movement is not dead," said one of its adherents, "it is only asleep. Under the initiative we can submit it to the people every general election, and that is what we will do. We will tire the opposition out or catch them napping."

The defeat of the single tax amendment here will be sad news for Ohio single taxers who have fathered the initiative and referendum in that state with the purpose of giving the Henry George tax scheme a try-out.

A "home rule" amendment was defeated. This proposed giving municipalities full control in the matter of regulation and license of pool rooms, billiard halls and the sale of liquors. The Anti-Saloon League hopped onto this proposition and made a hard fight against it. The result is close. The official returns may show that it was carried.

An amendment to increase the pay of members of the general assembly was defeated. Perhaps the voters figure that they do not need a legislature. Sessions are practically limited to 40 days every two years—"practically" limited because the members receive only $3 per day for that length of time. The thought arises that this may be the reason why the initiative and referendum are needed in Oregon—legislators are underpaid and work so short a time!

The amendment increasing the number of judges of the supreme court from three to five was defeated.

Woman suffrage was dealt a severe blow. It is an anomaly, surely, that Oregon voters would stand for every other innovation and then refuse to allow the women of the state to vote.

Every proposed law initiated by petition was carried at the polls. The most important is to limit the amount of money candidates may spend, defining corruption, prohibiting attempts on election day to persuade any voter to vote for or against any candidate or measure. This is a law of 53 sections, and if reprinted here would occupy six to eight columns of space.

Another is to stiffen up "Statement No. One," which gives to candidates for the legislature the privilege of saying they will vote for the men for United States senator who receives the highest number of votes. This law just passed by the people instructs the members of the legislature to vote as above. Its constitutionality has been questioned but inasmuch as it was "initiated" there was no way to keep it off the ballot, even had it been desired.

Two fish protection bills were initiated by rival fishing interests. Both carried and while the two fishing interests have been given a black eye the fish will be protected.

An act compelling railroads to give passes to public officers was defeated. This had been passed by the legislature and the referendum was invoked. Four bills passed by the legislature were submitted to the people through referendum channels. Two of them were lost. One was an appropriation for the erection of armories for the National Guard and the other was the pass bill mentioned above. The two that were approved included the much-discussed bill appropriating $125,000 for the support of the state university and a measure giving the sheriff custody of prisoners confined in the county jails.

The university appropriation bill received a heavy vote against it in spite of the fact that much money and labor were spent in a campaign for the appropriation.

Observation of post-election matters in Oregon shows that in spite of the "advanced" position taken by the voters they place men ahead of measures.

APPROVED BY ROOSEVELT

Taft Also Tells Hitchcock to Keep Up Fight.

Administration's Enemies Are Falling, Says the President in a Statement.

Washington, June 9.—Any doubt that may have existed as to whether the administration and Secretary Taft approve of the methods pursued by Frank Hitchcock, the manager of the Taft interests in Chicago, in dealing with the contesting delegations for the national committee was set at a rest by the dispatch of a telegram by Secretary Taft to Mr. Hitchcock directing him to make no change in the methods he is pursuing.

President Roosevelt does not conceal his satisfaction at the work being done in Chicago. The administration view is disclosed in the following utterance which exactly represents not only the views of the President, but of Secretary Taft:

"Now is the time to settle the matter. Those who are falling at Chicago are the very ones who have been making unceasing war on the administration for a long time, and had the tables been turned, would have gone the limit of their power to eliminate the Roosevelt influence on the party."

TWO DEAD IN RACE WAR

Texas Governor Sends Rangers to Scene of Trouble.

Fatal Clash Result of a Controversy Over Young Steer—One Man Wounded.

Austin, Tex., June 9.—In response to a message from County Judge Lacey at Long View, rangers were dispatched to that point by Governor Campbell. The dispatch from Judge Lacey stated that two negroes had been killed and one white man injured and that a race clash was imminent. The trouble originated in a controversy over a yearling steer.

FIVE INJURED IN RIOT

Two May Die of Wound Received During Melee.

After the Fight, Man Attempted to Board Car and Received Probably Fatal Injuries.

St. Louis, Mo., June 9.—Five persons were injured as the result of a riot on an east-bound Market street car at Eleventh street, last night. The motorman and one of his assailants are at the city hospital, the former in a critical condition, while David O'Brien, a spectator, was run over by the street car after the riot. His leg was cut off and he may die.

Miss Beatrice A. Trask, of Richmond Heights, who fainted when the controller fuse exploded, was taken to the city hospital.

The injured: J. A. Packheiser, motorman, skull fractured and internal injuries, critical.

David O'Brien, right leg severed, critical.

Beverley Brown, concussion of brain, critical.

C. J. Riffle, conductor, head and body bruised.

Miss Beatrice E. Trask, Richmond Heights, in faint for over two hours.

The trouble on the car began when it left West End Heights to run into the city. Several men boarded the car and became engaged in an altercation with Conductor Riffle concerning payment of fares.

After a time Beverly Brown struck Riffle in the face. A free fight resulted. Motorman Packheiser stopped the car and went to the assistance of the conductor. Packheiser was pitched head foremost from the car.

After policemen had quelled the fighters a man volunteered to run the car. The conductor accepted the offer, and the stranger turned on the power. At Eighth street, O'Brien stood waiting to board the car. The volunteer motorman failed to stop the car, which was traveling at a high rate of speed. O'Brien attempted to swing on board, fell and was plunged under the wheels, cutting off his right leg and mashing his left.

In the excitement, the volunteer motorman escaped. Conductor Riffle was taken into custody, but was soon released to go to a hospital. Beverly Brown at the hospital is under arrest. Joseph Looney, charged with being Brown's accomplice in assaulting Conductor Riffle, was also arrested.

ARE YOU A MAN

MY DEAR BROTHER: Are you the strong and kingly man you ought and want to be, or have the reckless acts of by-gone days brought loss of strength and thrown your nervous system out of tune? Do advancing years make work as hard; are you loth to men's delights because of lack of vim and vigor? Then use my

Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men

The same Wonder-Workers, advertised in the same papers, and sold by the same man from the same place for 8 years, during which scores of medical frauds have busted or gone to jail. My Wonder-Workers do not contain any poison, and they do not excite. They build up, strengthen, cure. Their use, one tablet at a dose, three times a day, cured over 600,000 cases of Weak Back, Exhausting Drains, Varicocele, Low Vitality, Weak Organs, Nervous Debility, Lost Ambition and Kidney and Bladder Troubles in Men of All Ages during the past 8 years easier, quicker and cheaper than they could have been cured in any other way; and on my honor as a man I tell you that you can be a man of vim and vigor if you, too, use

Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men

Be a strong, peerless, fearless, nervy, manly man, and hold high carnival with perfect health. The Price is **Only One Dollar** per box, always cash with order, by ex. at your expense, or $1.15 by mail in plain, sealed package prepaid. If you order please mention this paper. I give men a square deal and am your friend.

GEO. S. BECK, 18 Main St., Springfield, O.

CROP PROSPECT

Government Report Cause for General Rejoicing.

Fine Showing of Oats More Than Made Up for Lighter Acreage.

Washington, June 9.—The crop reporting board of the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture today issued a bulletin estimating the area sown to spring wheat to be 3.7 per cent more than the area sown last year, indicating a total area of about 17,710,000 acres, or 681,000 acres more than sown last year. The condition of spring wheat on June 1 was 95 per cent of normal, as compared with 88.7 on June 1, 1907, and 93.2 the June 1 average of the last 10 years. The figures for the important states follow: Minnesota 5,356,000 acres, 95 per cent; North Dakota 5,899,000 acres, 97 per cent; South Dakota 2,958,000 acres, 97 per cent; Washington 998,000 acres, 93 per cent.

The condition of winter wheat on June 1 was 86 per cent of a normal as compared with 77.4 on June 1, 1907, and 81 the June 1 average of the past 10 years. The condition in the important states is as follows: Kansas, 78 per cent; Indiana, 92 per cent; Illinois, 88 per cent; Nebraska, 86 per cent; Missouri, 84 per cent; Ohio, 92 per cent; Pennsylvania, 92 per cent; Oklahoma, 85 per cent; California, 65 per cent; Texas, 84 per cent.

The area sown to oats is estimated to be 0.6 per cent less than the area sown last year, indicating a total area of about 31,644,000 acres, or 192,000 acres less than last year. The condition of the oats crop on June 1 was 92.9 per cent of a normal, as compared with 81.6 on June 1, 1907, and 88.9 the June 1 average of the past 10 years.

The area sown to barley is estimated to be 3.9 per cent more than the area sown last year, indicating a total area of about 6,097,000 acres, or 249,000 more than last year. The condition of the crop on June 1 was 89.7 per cent of a normal, as compared with 84.9 on June 1, 1907, and 89.5 the June 1 average of the last 10 years.

The condition of rye on June 1 was 91.3 per cent of a normal as compared with 88.1 on June 1, 1907, and 90 the June 1 average of the past 10 years.

The condition of meadows (hay) on June 1 was 96.8 per cent of a normal as compared with 93.5 May 1.

VIOLATE LOCAL OPTION LAW

Galesburg, Ill., June 9.—Nine persons were arrested here yesterday afternoon, charged with violating the local option law. Some of the accused are of decided prominence.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., June 9.—Wheat suffered another setback today when cash and June opened ½c lower at 91c. In the first hour, the price held steadily at this figure. Conservative interests in some quarters interpret the government report as bearish, but say the figures to a large extent have been discounted. The futures were considerably stronger, July opening ½c higher at 85⅞c and advancing later in the morning to 87c. Trade was fairly active at Chicago, where Champlain took July and the Bartlett people and Love September. Ware and Leland sold.

There was a big decrease in Bradstreets' world's available supply. Winnipeg wired frost in southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, but no damage was feared. Commission houses bought at 10:28 a. m. Cash and June closed ¼c lower at 91¼c, July 1¼c up at 87¾c, September ¼c up at 85⅞c, and December at 87⅝c.

Good support strengthened corn to a considerable extent. On buying by the Bartlett concern corn advanced rather sharply in the opening hour. The heavy yield of oats predicted is bearish on corn. Trade was light and cash demand rather dull. July opened an eighth higher at 69½c and advanced to 69¾c before 10 a. m. September was ½c higher at 68¾c, and December ½c up at 55c.

Corn closes were: Cash, 74c, July 69⅞c, September 68¾c, December 58c. The feature of the session was the weakness of oats, influenced largely by good crop prospects, traders sold liberally. July was ¾c lower at 41¼c and September ⅝c down at 36½c. Weakness of Chicago was more pronounced. May, a new oats option, was quoted at 38c.

Cash oats closed at 53c, July at 44c, and September at 36c.

Clover seed has been neglected during the last few days. October and December were unchanged at $7.42½ and $7.37½ respectively.

Timothy ended the day at $7.42½, while December closed 2½c off at $7.35.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close June 9.	Close June 8.
Wheat—					
Cash	91	91½	....	91¼	91½
June	91	91¼	....	91¼	91½
July	86⅞	88⅛	86¾	87⅜	86⅝
Sept.	85¼	86¾	....	85⅞	85⅝
Dec.	86⅝	87⅛	....	87⅝	....
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	74	74
July	69¼	70	69¼	69¾	69⅝
Sept.	68¾	....	....	68¾	68¼
Dec.	56¾	56¼	....	56	55¾
July	44¼	....	43¾	44	45
Sept	36¼	36¼	....	36	36½
Clover Seed—					
Oct	7.42½	....	....	7.42½	7.42½
Dec.	7.37½	....	....	7.35	7.37½
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	....	83
No. 2	....	....	....	....	81
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	53	53
No. 3	....	....	....	....	77

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
June	86	87½	85⅝	91½	91½
July	86	87½	....	86¾	85⅝
Sept.	84¼	85¼	....	85¾	84½
Dec. (old)	86¼	86½	....	86¼	85⅝
Dec. (new)	85¼	86⅜	....	85⅞	85⅝
Corn—					
July	66½	67¼	66⅜	66⅞	66¾
Sept.	65⅝	66⅛	65¼	66	65⅜
Dec.	56⅜	56⅝	55⅝	55⅞	56⅝
May	55½	55¾	....	55½	55⅝
Oats—					
July (old)	43	....	41¾	42¼	43⅜
July (new)	41¾	....	39½	40¾	41⅞
Sept.	35¾	....	35	35½	35⅞
May	37¾	....	....	38¾	38⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	94	95¼	....	94¾	94
Corn—					
July	75¾	....	....	76	75⅝
Sept.	....	....	....	74¾	74¾

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	83⅝	84¾	....	84¼	83½
Sept.	82½	83½	....	83¼	82¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	13.70	....	13.67	13.80	13.65
Sept	13.97	14.07	13.92	14.05	13.92
Lard—					
July	8.57	....	8.55	8.57	8.55
Sept	8.75	....	8.72	8.77	8.72
Oct	8.80	....	....	8.82	....
Ribs—					
July	7.47	....	....	7.52	7.47
Sept	7.70	7.77	....	7.75	7.77
Oct	7.75	....	....	7.82	7.75

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, June 6.—Dispatches to Dun's Review indicate further progress in the right direction, especialy as to the number of hands employed in the mills and factories. Boston reports that manufacturing plants are resuming and there is further improvement in the industrial situation and outlook. Many cotton mills in New England now run full time, and the leather industry is more active. Wholesale dry goods and commission houses in Philadelphia report business improving; inquiries increase in the iron and steel industry.

Wholesale lines at Baltimore are seasonably quiet, although there are indications of improvement, especially as to plans for the larger employment of labor. Louisville reports that orders for future delivery give evidence of a return of better conditions. Atlanta reports fair orders for future delivery, retail trade good and no complaints as to payments. Trade shows little improvement at New Orleans. Crop reports are generally favorable, but country merchants are hampered for ready capital. St. Louis reports a large increase in industrial activity.

Stormy weather in the vicinity of Kansas City has reduced mail order business, but wholesale trade and collections continue fair.

Trade at Chicago responds to more settled weather, but industrial activity increases slowly, although ease in the money market encourages new undertakings and orders are placed more freely. Mail orders are large from the interior for fall and winter goods, the combination of good crop prospects and high prices for grain making the outlook bright in agricultural sections. Seasonable weather helps retail trade at Cincinnati, which shows marked improvement, and wholesale dry goods houses report increased sales.

Retail trade improves at Cleveland as the season advances, and manufacturers prepare for a large fall trade. Wholesale trade is fair at Minneapolis, building operations increase and collections are more prompt, but heavy rains have caused some uneasiness regarding crops in the northwest.

Money and Stocks.

New York, June 9.—(Wall Street.)—The opening dealings in stocks today were very dull. The price tendency was downward, with most pronounced effect in the usual speculative leaders, including the Harriman and Hill stocks, St. Paul and Amalgamated Copper. Declines in these ran from a large fraction to a point.

The market commenced to mend after the opening selling orders had been executed and recovered its losses. Fresh selling of the principal stocks drove prices lower than the opening and the list became dull. Union Pacific yielded 1⅜, Illinois Central 1½ and Wheling & Lake Erie first and second preferred 2. Federal Sugar preferred improved 4 points.

Transactions were trivial, but prices caused considerable recoveries. A rise of 2¾ in Central Leather and 1 in the preferred and Allis-Chalmers preferred, were the only features. Bonds were irregular.

New York Stocks.

New York, June 9, 1908.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30pm
Am. Loco. com	49½	49¾	49½	49½
Atchison	82	82	82	82
Anaconda	42¼	42¾	42½	42½
Amal. Copper	67	67	66⅝	66⅝
Am. Smelters	75¼	75⅝	74⅝	74⅞
Alton com	25⅜	25⅜	25⅛	25⅛
Allis-Chal. pfd	29	29	27½	29
Balt. & Ohio	89¼	89¼	88⅝	88⅝
Brooklyn R. T.	48½	48⅝	48¼	48⅜
Chicago & G. W.	7⅛	7⅛	6⅞	6⅞
Canadian Pacific	160½	160½	160	160
Clover Leaf	19⅜	19⅜	19⅛	19⅜
Colorado Fuel	27⅜	27⅜	27⅛	27½
Ches. & Ohio	45	45	44¼	44⅜
Central Leather	24	26¼	24	26¼
Consolidated Gas	124	124	124	124
Distillers Sec.	33⅞	33⅞	33⅝	33⅝
Erie com	22⅝	22⅝	22¼	22¼
Gt. Northern pfd	131¾	132	131½	131¾
Illinois Central	131	131	130	130
Interborough pfd	31¾	33¼	31¾	22½
Missouri Pacific	46¼	46⅞	46¼	46½
M., K. & T. com	27⅞	27⅞	27¾	27¾
Nor. Pacific	137	137⅝	136¾	137⅝
Nat'l Lead	67⅞	68	67⅞	67⅞
Northwestern	151	151	151	151
Ont. & Western	40¼	40¼	40¼	40½
Penn. Ry.	121½	121½	120¾	121⅛
People's Gas Co	92	92	92	92
Reading com	113½	113⅞	112⅞	113⅝
Rock Island	17¼	17⅜	17¼	17¼
Rock Island pfd	35¾	36	35½	36
Rep. I. & S. Co	18	18	17½	17⅝
So. Ry.	17⅞	17¼	17⅜	17⅜
St. Paul	134	134⅜	133⅝	134
Southern Pacific	86⅝	86⅞	....	....
Tol. Rys. & Lt.	10	10	10	10
Texas Pacific	23¼	23¼	23¼	23¼
Tenn. Copper	36¾	37	36¾	36¾
Union Pacific	147¼	147⅜	146⅝	147⅛
U. S. Steel	37⅜	37⅝	37⅛	37⅜
U. S. Steel pfd	101¼	101⅞	101½	101½
Virginia Chem.	24	24	24	24
Wabash com.	11⅞	11⅞	11⅝	11⅝
Wabash pfd.	24	24	24	24
Western Union	56	57	56	57

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, June 9.—Receipts of hogs were only fairly liberal today, and the market opened strong to 5c higher than yesterday's close. All buyers were in the market, and the offerings were readily disposed of. The close was easy.

Cattle were lower, sheep and lambs and calves strong.

Toledo closing live stock quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $5.65@5.70; mediums, $5.70; Yorkers, $5.70; light Yorkers, $5.35@5.60; good pigs, $4.85@5.10; stags, $3.50@4.00; roughs, $4.50@5.00; good mixed, $5.